

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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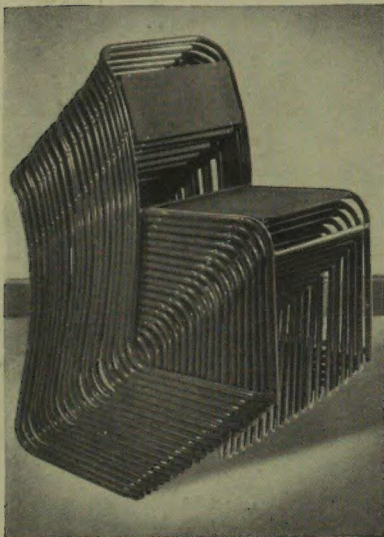
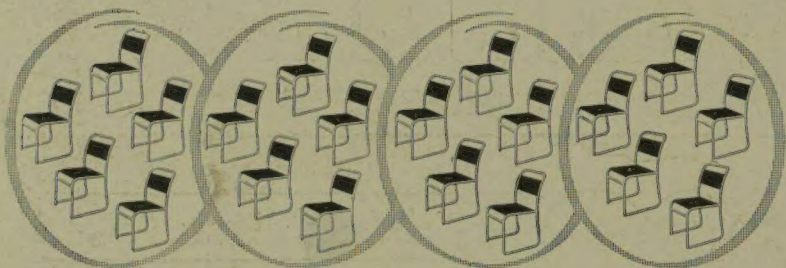
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1950.



THE QUEEN AS A WINNING OWNER: HER MAJESTY IN THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE AT HURST PARK, WITH MONAVEEN, HIS JOCKEY, A. GRANTHAM, AND LORD MILD MAY (LEFT).

Her Majesty the Queen went to Hurst Park on Saturday, February 11, to see *Monaveen*, the steeplechaser which she owns in partnership with Princess Elizabeth, win the George Williamson Handicap Steeplechase (about 3 miles and 180 yards) with A. Grantham up. This was the first time she had seen the horse run, and it was its fourth successive win out of five races since it has carried the Royal colours. The going was heavy, but *Monaveen*, carrying 11 st. 10 lb., made most of the

running, and though he made an error at the last fence but one, had a length to spare at the finish from *Inverlochy*, which carried 19 lb. less. It is understood that *Monaveen* will have one more race—again at Hurst Park—before the Grand National on March 25. The Queen was obviously delighted with her horse's success and welcomed him in the unsaddling enclosure after the race. As she patted him, an onlooker cried out: "Now you'll win the National!"



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

TO a bald Englishman in his fifties who has known better days and who, with the wary pessimism of his race, would not be particularly surprised to encounter worse, surrounded by the grey phenomena and dingy appearances of the post-war Welfare State, a February afternoon walk in the West End of London is not a wildly exciting or romantic occasion. The trees in the Park are bare of leaves, there is a sneeze in the air, everyone of both sexes, including the observer, is thoroughly badly dressed, and the grass beside the Row—that haunt of vanished and forgotten splendour—is trodden down by the footballers into a melancholy, pudding-like soup. Along the perimeter road seedy, unhealthy-looking men in semi-detached cars dubiously eye before selection ladies of a type one is no longer surprised to see in a place once given over to children and prim nursery-maids, no one in authority in a so-called "planned" State seeming to care any longer about such matters. The moral climate of this part of the world has changed and, to all appearance, it does not appear to have changed at all for the better. Nor does its physical countenance. After all, after two of the most destructive, cruel and inane wars in history, why should it have done so? We are still paying the price of Passchendaele and Falaise, not to mention that of six generations of vile slums, and must presumably long expect to go on paying it. Many—the finest of two generations—paid for the former with their lives.

Yet perhaps it is not so much the Park or London or even England that has changed. The drabness of this February afternoon may be all in my own mind; there may be life and love and light and colour in the world around me that I am not experiencing, having lost the power of doing so. The old man shuffling there under the trees may be a poet and seer, some William Blake of our mid-century whose life will seem to posterity an indescribable romance; that hurrying girl, with the pale face and shabby, ill-fitting dress, may be walking in a mist of happiness to meet a kind, chivalrous and merry lover; the Giles-like figures with striped shirts and muddy knees, holloaing and lumbering around the muddy goal-posts like Cockney mastodons, may be engaged—and probably are—in what to them seems a Homeric encounter which will be recalled and recounted to their children twenty, thirty and forty years on. Hyde Park in February, 1950, may seem a very different place to them to what it looks and feels to me.

Yet, though all this may be true, I cannot ignore the evidence of my senses. The capital of the Commonwealth, judged by any ordinary, external standard, is drab, ugly, dingy and dirty. Despite a little welcome brightening-up during the past twelvemonth in a few of the better-to-do streets in its centre, it almost looks as though it were despondently and passively awaiting its destruction at the hands of the first atom-bomb. It has nothing about it of the "visible greatness" that General Smuts noticed in London when he visited it a few years after the Boer War. It has not even any longer that grey, Spartan grandeur that hung about it in 1943 and 1944, when England, enduring and toiling, was the iron advanced-base of the forces which were gathering to liberate Europe, or three years earlier, when, faced by impending invasion and blitz, its people, in Winston Churchill's noble words, were bound together in a great melting of hearts and when sacrifice seemed to

become an indulgence, pain became a joy, and life rose to its highest level because death had no terrors.

What is wrong to-day with London? Lack of fresh, of vitalising, food, lack of decent housing, want of paint, want of civic pride, want of education and culture in its tired, lack-lustre people; all these may be reasons for the uninspiring spectacle it at present, though I hope only temporarily, offers to the world. But I think the real reason is want of faith and purpose; London and its ten million people are sunk in torpor because they momentarily lack a conscious and unifying goal. Once that goal was pleasure and style and elegance; once it was wealth

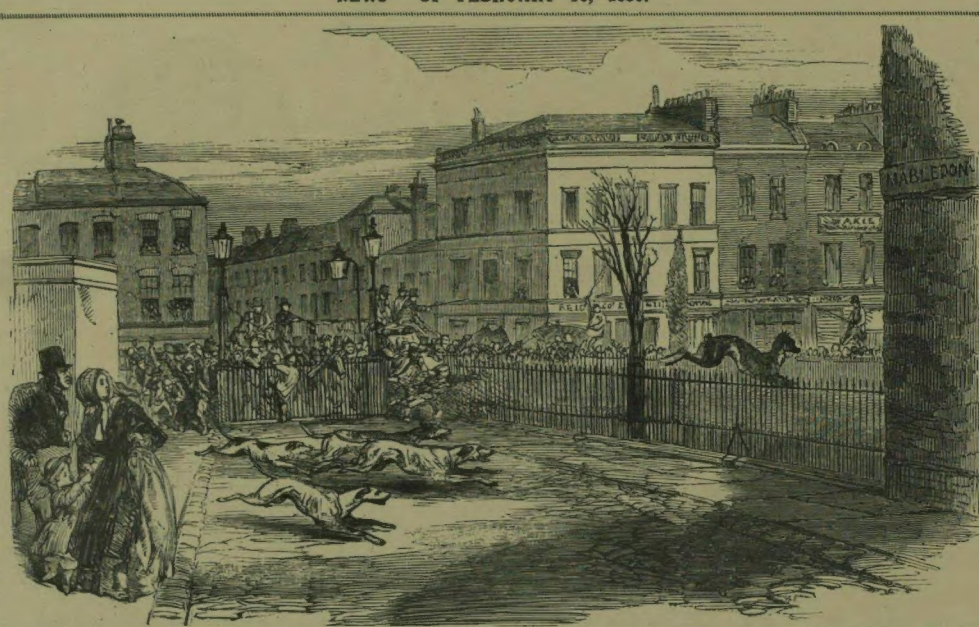
stubborn protestantism and love of liberty, none more so than Londoners. The effect of the mere attempt on someone in authority's part to give them a chance to attain it might be electric. I well remember how, in the great economic depression of 1932, I became a participant in the search, on a small scale, for such a Londoner's goal, being invited by the Royal Naval College authorities and the Borough of Greenwich to produce a pageant for the following summer in the grounds of Wren's noble riverside palace and hospital. It affected only a few thousand people, those—many of them at that time unemployed—who voluntarily made the dresses and scenery

or took part in the rehearsals of the pageant or tattoo. But within its comparatively narrow limits it awoke a whole neighbourhood to enthusiasm, comradeship and a sense of purpose. For a year it operated as a kind of crusade: it showed the world of what Greenwich was capable. And if such is possible on the small, temporary and limited scale of a pageant, it is possible, given only leadership and inspiration, on a far greater and more enduring scale. If only the Festival of Britain, instead of being a mere passive exhibition provided by paid workers—the professional hirelings of the insidious, all-pervading "they"—could have been made the starting-point of a great voluntary civic crusade for the betterment of London, what a blessing it could have been—and could still be!

How, it may be asked, could such a crusade be given practical form? I can think of a hundred ways. It would not be beyond the wit of man, under a wise, far-seeing but human civic authority, for every householder and household to be encouraged and set, voluntarily, to the task of beautifying and improving his or its own dwelling-place. Every street, under its voluntary and

elected committee, could be set its objective, whose plans, within certain broad limits—the broader and more elastic the better—could be co-ordinated under the local council, every borough and district being encouraged to compete with every other. The organisation and resources of our vast civic educational machine—day schools, evening classes, art and technical schools—could be mobilised to afford the necessary instruction and encouragement to individuals and groups wishing to fit themselves to participate. Industry, the Trade Unions and the Press could be asked to co-operate: so could the Arts Council, and the innumerable voluntary organisations with which England, still unconsciously rooted in its great Christian, libertarian past, happily abounds—W.V.S., Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Youth Clubs, dramatic societies, and a thousand others. Trees could be planted in our streets, waste places made into gardens, music, out-of-door dancing and other entertainments organised to give pleasure and absorb latent energies. Every activity could be co-ordinated to serve the common end of showing the world what London could do. Some new type of organisation, half-statutory, half-voluntary, would be needed to direct and co-ordinate all this effort, but our English genius for evolving new forms of organisation and leadership for specific purposes is not exhausted. Such an effort, under real inspirational leadership, might astonish the world, set London on a new path of conscious greatness, and give us all a common pride and purpose that would make our present difficulties seem the surmountable things they in reality are.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEBRUARY 16, 1850.



STAG HUNT EXTRAORDINARY: THE SCENE IN THE NEW ROAD, LONDON.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon, the inhabitants of Camden-town were astonished at the unusual sight of a fine stag, or red deer, running at full speed in the direction of Somers-town, with five hounds in full cry at his heels, followed by one solitary rider and the huntsman, on horses that had evidently done a hard day's work. The meet of Mr. Bean's hounds had been held at Hendon, whence in a circuitous route, the stag broke away for Finchley-common, skirting Coldfalls Wood, and passed Highgate, on to the metropolis... finally crossing the New-road with the five hounds close at his haunches... he dashed in at the gate in front of the house of Messrs. Prior's stove grate manufactory, whence, seeing the shop door open, he darted into the house, and was there speedily secured.... The stag was carried off from his resting place about six o'clock, amid the cheers of many hundreds of spectators."



THE METEOR, AS SEEN FROM THE FULHAM ROAD.

"The above illustration is by a Correspondent who witnessed the phenomenon from the Fulham-road, looking towards Earl's Court and Kensington." Witnesses from many parts of the country wrote to *The Illustrated London News* describing the splendid meteor which was seen on February 11. To-day our readers may be as interested in the rural scene "looking towards Earl's Court and Kensington" as they are in the appearance of the meteor.

and the government of an imperial world—and when was the world better or kindlier governed?; once or twice it was victory. During the late war Londoners had an all-absorbing object: the defeat of Nazi Germany. Yet, obvious and desirable as that goal was, might it not be possible, one asks oneself, to set its people a peacetime objective as obvious and desirable? The destruction of Nazi power was purely a negative and bloody thing. The transformation of London into a capital morally and aesthetically worthy of its great history and its people's proved capacity would be a positive one in which every citizen, rightly inspired and instructed, could consciously share. Human beings are pliable, leadable creatures: for all their



ADJUDGED SUPREME CHAMPION OF CRUFT'S—THE WORLD'S GREATEST DOG SHOW—FOR THE SECOND TIME : TRACEY WITCH OF WARE, A BLUE ROAN COCKER SPANIEL (INSET), OWNED BY MR. H. S. LLOYD, AND A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW.

There was a record world entry for the second Cruft's show to be organised since the war by the Kennel Club, held at Olympia, on February 10 and 11. There were more than 1,000 classes for 100 breeds, with class entries totalling 12,319. Cocker spaniels still proved the most popular breed, and 432 dogs were entered—the largest number ever exhibited at a dog show for a single breed. Mr. H. S. Lloyd's four-and-a-half-year-old Blue Roan Cocker spaniel bitch *Tracey Witch of Ware* was adjudged Supreme

Champion of the show for the second time, having previously been Supreme Champion at the last Cruft's Show, held on October 14 and 15, 1948. It is interesting to recall that two other Cocker spaniels owned by Mr. H. S. Lloyd have achieved this "double" in the past, *Luckystar of Ware*, a Blue Roan, was Supreme Champion of Cruft's in 1930 and 1931, and his *Exquisite Model of Ware* (black, white and tan) was Supreme Champion in 1938 and 1939.

THE BEST OF THEIR BREED IN A WORLD'S RECORD SECOND POST-WAR CRUFT'S, WHICH BROUGHT 5,720



THE BEST POINTER: MR. M. CHRISTIE'S BITCH, CH. DIMAS THUNDERBOLT. BORN FEBRUARY 13, 1946. BY HERENTHEM MOSCOW'S SPIRIT—DIMAS PENNING PARASOL.



THE BEST COLLIE (ROUGH): MRS. A. E. NEWBERRY'S DOG, CH. ALPHINGTON SUGAR KING. ALSO WINNER OF THE "LASSIE CUP."



THE BEST BASSET HOUND: MISS KEVIL'S DOG, GRIMS WARLOCK. BORN SEPTEMBER 26, 1946. BY GRIMS WARRIOR—GRIMS WARRIOR.



ONLY INTRODUCED TO THIS COUNTRY A FEW YEARS BEFORE THE WAR: HASENJS, FOUR OF THE TWENTY-THREE DOGS THAT WERE AT CRUFT'S THIS YEAR.



THE BEST IRISH WOLFHOUND: MISS S. SEAL'S BITCH, MORGANBURY CASINO OF SPEAK. BORN SEPTEMBER 12, 1946.



THE BEST OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG: MRS. M. F. SHEFFIELD'S DOG, HILGARTH BLUE COMMANDER. BORN JUNE 7, 1947.



THE BEST BULL TERRIER: MR. C. D. H. EVANS' AND MR. C. GIBSON'S THE SPIRIT (L.A.). BORN JULY 7, 1948. BY BRACKTON KAYALCADA—DARLEA OF DEIRA.



THE BEST SEALYHAM TERRIER: MR. R. C. FURNIVAL'S DOG, DORFOLD SUPREME. BORN JULY 12, 1948. BY SHREDDER PLATOON—DORFOLD SUPREME. BORN JULY 12, 1948. BY SHREDDER PLATOON—DORFOLD SUPREME.



RESERVE BEST DOG ON THE SECOND DAY: MRS. L. H. C. COVENTON'S CH. ADASTRA MAGIC BEAU (MINIATURE POODLE). BORN FEBRUARY 28, 1948. BY FOURWAYS VANDER—FOURWAYS TALENT.



THE BEST ST. BERNARD: MR. A. E. GAUNT'S DOG, CORNA GARY BELLEBROOK OF ST. BERT. BORN OCTOBER 2, 1946. BY ST. MARCUS—COLETTA OF ST. LIONETTE.



THE BEST BLOODHOUND: MRS. V. OLDMAN'S BITCH, BABEL OF RETRAITON. BORN NOVEMBER 6, 1948. BY CH. KELLY OF BRUNTON—BABEL OF RETRAITON.



THE BEST ELKHOUND: MRS. P. SHENSTON'S DOG, FOURWAYS CARLO. BORN FEBRUARY 28, 1948. BY FOURWAYS VANDER—FOURWAYS TALENT.

DOG SHOW: SOME OF THE NOTABLE WINNERS IN THE DOGS, OWNERS AND 50,000 DOG-LOVERS TO OLYMPIA.



THE BEST WELSH CORGI (CARDIGAN): MISS S. H. CODDEN'S DOG, CH. REDWOOD DENNIS. BORN SEPTEMBER 13, 1948.



THE BEST SHETLAND SHEEPDOG: MR. J. G. SAUNDERS' DOG, BELESDALE ACE. BORN APRIL 26, 1949.



THE BEST MAREMMA (ITALIAN SHEEPDOG): MRS. W. G. COCHRANE'S BARRACLOUGH OF BUCKLEIGH. BORN MAY 20, 1949.



THE BEST BOSTON TERRIER: EVELINE COUNTESS OF SUSSEX'S DOG, UKRAINE BOBBY ROCK. BORN AUGUST 21, 1945.



THE BEST BULLDOG: MRS. E. GREGORY'S BITSTOCK BOBINHOOD BORN NOVEMBER 9, 1947. BY CH. MARJOR BLANKIN—BITSTOCK RIFLE.



AN ITALIAN GREYHOUND, ROMOLA OF OLDFATHER (FRONT); A WHIPPET, BRASSIE SHAGBEE (CENTRE), AND A GREYHOUND, CH. BRASSIE PARACADY BARKER.



THE BEST PEKINGESE AND RESERVE BEST EXHIBIT: MISS DE PLEDGE'S AND MRS. LUNHAM'S DOG, CH. KU-CHI OF CAVESHAM. BORN FEBRUARY 28, 1948. BY FOURWAYS VANDER—FOURWAYS TALENT.



THE BEST DANDIE DINMONT: MRS. M. G. DANDISON'S DOG, CH. BRINSPYRE SWEET WILLIAM. BORN AUGUST 14, 1945.



THE BEST FIELD SPANIEL: MR. S. J. BARNETT'S FANDY OF FENTON. BORN MAY 17, 1943. BY BRACKTON KAYALCADA—DARLEA OF DEIRA.



THE BEST ALSATIAN: MR. R. F. HUMPHRIES' BITCH, ANYUNKA OF HOLYWOOD. BORN DECEMBER 1, 1944. BY ALPHEAN ARTIST'S AMBITIOUS—JANET OF HOLYWOOD.



THE BEST IRISH WATER SPANIEL: MR. AND MRS. F. H. TAYLOR'S 1ST. CH. SHOOTER MUIK. BORN MAY 20, 1945. BY FINEST OF KISS—WITCH BABEL.



THE BEST BOXER: MRS. E. J. ANSON'S WINNINGLIGHT FINE. BORN DECEMBER 24, 1948. BY BRACKTON KAYALCADA—DARLEA OF DEIRA.

The 1950 Cruft's Dog Show created two records: first, for the number of entries—the total of 12,319 being a world record for a dog show—and the second for the number of visitors—over 50,000. Among the onlookers who packed the hall, gangways and ringsides were many from overseas. On the first day of the show, February 10, which was devoted to hounds, terriers and toy dogs, Miss de

Pledge and Mrs. Lunham's Pekinese champion, Ku-Chi of Caversham, was selected as the best of the day's exhibits; reserve was Mrs. Finch's West Highland white terrier, Ch. Shiningcliff Simon. On the second day, February 11, which was devoted to gun-dogs and non-sporting breeds, Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Cocker spaniel Tracey Witch of Ware was selected as the best dog of the day, and reserve

was Mrs. Coventon's Miniature Poodle Ch. Adastria Magic Beau. The judges, Mr. Croxton Smith, vice-chairman of the Kennel Club, and Mr. Leo Wilson made their final choice of the Supreme Champion from the Cocker spaniel and Pekinese, and selected Tracey Witch of Ware, owned by Mr. H. S. Lloyd. Next in popularity to Cocker spaniels at the Show were Alsatis, with an entry

of 329, and Labrador Retrievers took third place with an entry of 225 dogs. Labradors were closely followed by Dachshunds (smooth-haired) with 212 dogs, and then Pekinese with only a few less. A dozen breeds had entries of over 100 dogs, and Boxers, with 112 dogs, have enjoyed a rapid rise in popularity since the end of the war. The Poodle was reserve in the supreme championship.

SHIPS; THE WATERLOO CUP; A SMUGGLER'S RUSE; AND NEW W.R.A.F. HATS.



THE FOUNDERED MARCHIONESS: ALL THAT SHOWED OF THE 799-TON COLLIER AFTER HER COLLISION WITH A YUGOSLAV STEAMER IN THE THAMES ESTUARY OFF GREENHITHE. On the night of February 10-11, a 799-ton British collier, *The Marchioness*, sank off the north shore of St. Clement's, Greenhithe, after colliding with the 5063-ton Yugoslav steamer *Durmitor*. *The Marchioness* was carrying no cargo and sank shortly after the collision. Her crew of twelve were taken off by two tugs. Eleven were treated in hospital, but only one was detained.



PATCHING UP WARSPITE FOR HER LAST VOYAGE: THE HULK OF THE BATTLESHIP LYING IN PRUSSIA COVE, WHERE PRELIMINARY DISMANTLING IS ALREADY IN PROGRESS.

The famous old battleship, H.M.S. *Warspite*, it will be recalled, ran aground in Prussia Cove, Cornwall, in April, 1947, while being towed to the Clyde to be broken up. She is now being partly dismantled where she lies, men and materials being transported to and from the shore by a 200-yard cable suspended 50 ft. above the waves. It is planned to lighten her, seal her and then beach her with a view to making repairs which will prove sufficient to allow her to be towed away.



THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: ROVING MINSTREL, WITH HIS OWNER, MRS. RHODES-MOORHOUSE, AFTER THE DOG'S VICTORY AT ALTAR ON FEB. 10.

The final of the Waterloo Cup was run on February 10 at the Withins, near Altcar, and was won by Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse's brindled dog, *Roving Minstrel*, who beat Lord Sefton's red fawn dog, *Scorpion*. *Roving Minstrel*, by *Dew Prince* out of *Radiant Morn*, was trained by L. Reynolds and was an 8 to 1 favourite on the night of the draw.



A SMUGGLER'S RUSE TO GET 2581 WATCHES PAST THE CUSTOMS AT DOVER: THE PETROL TANK CONTAINER OF A CAR OWNED BY ALTER HERZ; SHOWING SOME OF THE WATCHES.

Alter Chaim Herz, described as a diamond-cutter of Antwerp, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £20,000 by the Dover magistrates on February 10. He landed at Dover from Ostend with a car and declared he had no jewellery or watches. The Customs officers became suspicious and dismantled the petrol tank of the car and discovered an inner container holding 2581 watches, valued at £15,024. Mr. Cussen, prosecuting, stated that Herz visited England last November, bringing the same car.



SELECTING A NEW HEAD-DRESS FOR MEMBERS OF THE W.R.A.F.: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, AIR CHIEF COMMANDANT OF THE W.R.A.F., WITH AIR COMMANDANT DAME FELICITY HANBURY (LEFT), AND AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR JOHN SLESSOR.

On February 7 the Duchess of Gloucester, assisted by a selection committee, chose three models, from 32 designs submitted, from which a new head-dress for the W.R.A.F. is to be selected, at the Air Ministry. Two of those chosen are in hard felt, fitting at the back, while the third, in soft felt, follows the more traditional line of the present W.R.A.F. officer's hat.



A NEW HEAD-DRESS FOR THE W.R.A.F.: THREE MODELS FROM WHICH THE FINAL CHOICE WILL BE MADE; SHOWING ONE IN SOFT FELT ON THE LEFT.

HISTORIC PAGEANTRY IN EDINBURGH AND NEWS PICTURES FROM ENGLAND.



(ABOVE.) ROYAL PAGEANTRY IN EDINBURGH: THE LORD LYON, KING OF ARMS, SIR THOMAS INNES OF LERNEY, TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE SHERIFF COURT HOUSE DURING THE CEREMONIAL FOR THE READING OF ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS, CALLING FOR THE ELECTION OF A NEW PARLIAMENT AND SUMMONING THE SCOTTISH PEERS TO MEET.

Two Royal Proclamations, one calling for the election of a new Parliament and the other summoning the Peers of Scotland to meet at the Palace of Holyroodhouse on February 21 to elect representatives to sit in the House of Lords, were read from the Mercat Cross, Edinburgh, on February 8 by members of the Court of the Lord Lyon. The Rothesay Herald, Lieut.-Colonel H. A. B. Lawson, read the Proclamation for the electing of a new Parliament, and the Albany Herald, Sir Francis J. Grant, read a Proclamation summoning the Peers of Scotland to choose sixteen representative peers to sit and vote in the House of Lords in the new Parliament. The choice is to be "by open election and plurality of voices of the Peers that shall be then present," to quote the wording in the Proclamation signed by the King in the Supplement to the *London Gazette*. The Marchmont Herald, the Unicorn Pursuivant, the Sheriff Clerk of Midlothian, who attended for the returning officer, and the Lyon Macer were also present at the colourful ceremony. A guard of honour of The 9th Queen's Royal Lancers escorted members of the Lyon Court to the Mercat Cross.

(RIGHT.) THE ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS AT THE MERCAT CROSS, EDINBURGH: LIEUT.-COLONEL H. A. B. LAWSON, ROTHESAY HERALD, READING THE PROCLAMATION FOR THE ELECTION OF A NEW PARLIAMENT, FIRST OF THE TWO ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS TO BE READ.



THE LAST TRIBUTES TO A GREAT ENGLISH COMEDIAN: MOURNERS FILING PAST THE FLOWER-DECKED GRAVE OF MR. SID FIELD, WHOSE DEATH OCCURRED ON FEBRUARY 3. Mr. Sid Field, the comedian, who died suddenly on February 3, after appearing as usual in "Harvey" at the Prince of Wales on the previous night, was cremated at Putney Vale on February 8. Many admirers filed past his flower-covered grave in silent grief.



OPENED ON FEBRUARY 8 BY THE COMMERCIAL COUNSELLOR TO THE FRENCH EMBASSY: THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.

An exhibition of French Scientific Instruments, believed to be the first of its kind, was opened at the Science Museum, South Kensington, by the Commercial Counsellor to the French Embassy, M. Jean de Sallay. Official organisations and French instrument manufacturers are displaying equipment, most of which refers to the physical sciences. The exhibition is likely to prove an excellent contribution to the cause of co-operation between the science and industries of this country and of France.



A DEDICATION SERVICE FOR A NEW CARAVAN DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS: THE VERY REV. E. N. PORTER GOFF BLESSING THE VEHICLE OUTSIDE PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL.

The first of the P.D.S.A. fleet of motor-caravan dispensaries was blessed outside Westminster Abbey on December 17, 1948. There are now fourteen in service and the new South Coast one was blessed in a service of dedication conducted by the Rev. E. N. Porter Goff, Provost of Portsmouth and Canon Residentiary, Portsmouth Cathedral, on February 6. The excellent work of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals was illustrated in our issue of December 21, 1946.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



LIEUTENANT F. J. HINDES, R.N.

The First Lieutenant of *Truculent*, posthumously awarded the Albert Medal. By his calm demeanour and clear orders he maintained perfect discipline, and was able to ensure that most of those on board moved safely to the engine-room and after-end of the vessel before she sank. The splendid example he set was "beyond praise."



CHIEF ENGINE-ROOM ARTIFICER HINE.

Posthumously awarded the Albert Medal for his faultless conduct, described as "beyond praise," when in charge of the escape arrangements for the men in the engine-room of the sunken submarine *Truculent* after she had been in collision with the *Divina* on January 12 in the Thames estuary.



DR. KLAUS EMIL JULIUS FUCHS.

A senior principal scientific officer, Ministry of Supply, of Harwell, Berks; born near Frankfurt and naturalised in 1942, Dr. Fuchs was committed for trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions on two charges connected with the Official Secrets Act concerning atomic research.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. URQUHART C.B. D.S.O.
Appointed Commander, Malaya District and 17th (Gurkha Regiment) Division from March. Commander, Lowland District since 1948, he has had a most distinguished career. G.O.C. First Airborne Division, 1944-45, he commanded at Arnhem. He was born in 1901.



MR. RAFAEL SABATINI.
Died on February 13 in Switzerland, aged seventy-five. A novelist and author of "Captain Blood," "Scaramouche," "The Sea Hawk," and many other successful historical novels, more than one of which have been filmed, he was of Anglo-Italian parentage.



SIR JOHN H. LE ROUGETEL.

Appointed Ambassador in Brussels in succession to Sir George Rendel, who will be retiring shortly. He has been Ambassador to Persia since 1946. Sir John, who is fifty-five, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1920, and has served at Vienna, Budapest, Ottawa, Tokyo, Peking, The Hague, Bucharest, Moscow, Shanghai, and at the Foreign Office.



AT THE EMPIRE GAMES: BRITISH SWIMMERS IN NEW ZEALAND. MISS EDNA CHILD (FOURTH FROM RIGHT) WON BOTH THE WOMEN'S HIGH DIVING AND SPRINGBOARD EVENTS FOR ENGLAND. England won two gold medals for swimming in the Empire Games at Auckland, New Zealand. In the open-air pool, in torrential rain, Miss Edna Child completed a fine double for England by winning the women's high diving on February 10. Miss Child had earlier won the springboard event. Our photograph of the British swimmers shows (standing, l. to r.) Royston Romain, Raymond Legg, Donald Bland, Patrick Kendall, Jack Hale, Peter Heatly, Albert Kinnear and John Brockway. (Seated, l. to r.) Helen Yate, Elizabeth Church, Margaret Wellington, Lillian Preece, Grace Wood, Edna Child, Helen Gordon, Elizabeth Turner and Margaret Girvan.



THE WINNER OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL LADIES' SKATING COMPETITION AT DAVOS: MISS JEAN ALTWEGG.
In a field of seventeen, drawn from four nationalities, Britain secured the first four places in the forty-seventh International Ladies' Skating Competition at Davos on February 5. First was Miss Jean Altwegg with 159.94 points for the combined compulsory figure and free skating; second, Miss B. Wyatt with 152.30; third, Miss V. Osborn, with 148.56; and fourth, Miss P. Davies, with 139.40.



SOON TO BE BRITAIN'S GUESTS: THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, M. AURIOL, AND MADAME AURIOL (RIGHT) RECEIVING M. BIDAULT (CENTRE) AT THE ÉLYSÉE.
On March 7, the President of France, M. Vincent Auriol, and Madame Auriol are to visit this country on a three-day State visit. They have arranged to cross the Channel in the aircraft-carrier *Arromanches* (formerly H.M.S. *Colossus*). Highlights of the visit include a State banquet at Buckingham Palace, a progress to the Guildhall, a visit to the 1951 Exhibition site, and a gala performance at Buckinham Palace. The visit is to conclude on the morning of March 10.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MRS. MARY GLEN HAIG.

Winner of a gold medal for Britain in the Empire Games by her victory in the Women's Individual Foils Championship (7 wins, no defeat, 6 hits). Twice British Open Champion, she was an Olympic Games Finalist in 1948. She is Medical Records Officer, Royal Orthopaedic Hospital.



LIEUT.-COLONEL P. PENDER-CUDLIP.

Appointed Great Britain's first Military Attaché to the State of Israel, Lieut.-Colonel Peter Pender-Cudlip, Royal Artillery, arrived at Tel Aviv on February 5. He was born in 1911, is married, and was commissioned in the Gunners in 1931. During the 1939-45 war he served in the Far East.

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL THE HON. SIR R. A. COCHRANE

A.O.C.-in-C. Flying Training Command since 1947, he will on March 1 become Vice-Chief of the Air Staff. The reorganisation is consequent on the North Atlantic and Brussels Treaties. Sir Ralph entered the Navy in 1912, transferred to R.N.A.S. 1915, and to R.A.F. 1919.



AIR MARSHAL SIR A. P. M. SANDERS.

Under the reorganisation of the Air Staff, new appointments were announced on February 10. Air Marshal Sir Arthur Sanders, present Vice-Chief, will on March 1 become Deputy Chief of the Air Staff. He was A.O.C.-in-C. British Air Forces of Occupation in Germany, 1947-48.



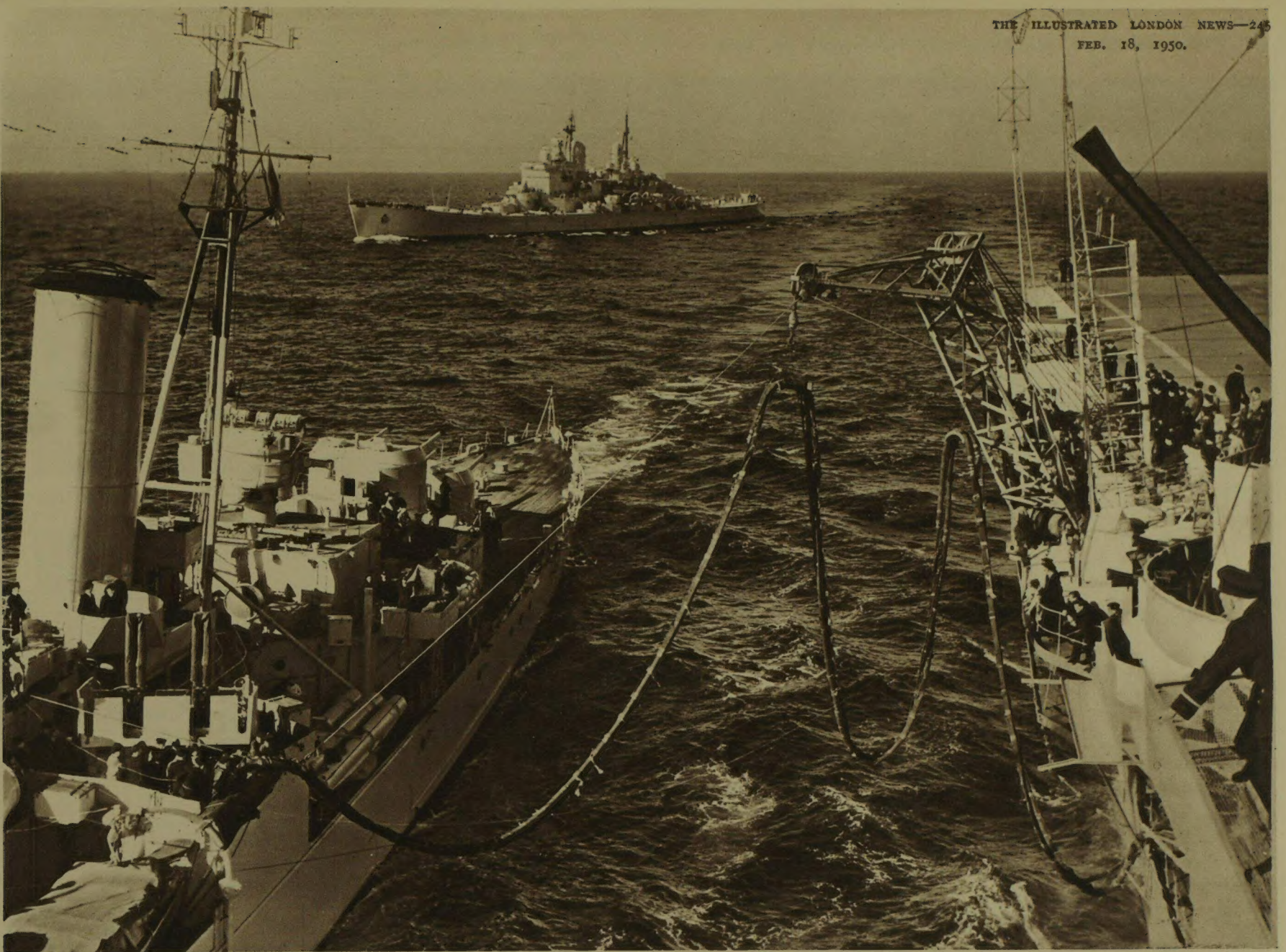
DR. VULKO CHERVENKOV.

Elected Prime Minister of Bulgaria on February 1 in succession to the late Mr. Kolarov. He was elected a secretary of the Central Committee of the Bulgarian Communist Party in January 1948, and was a brother-in-law of the late Georgi Dimitrov.

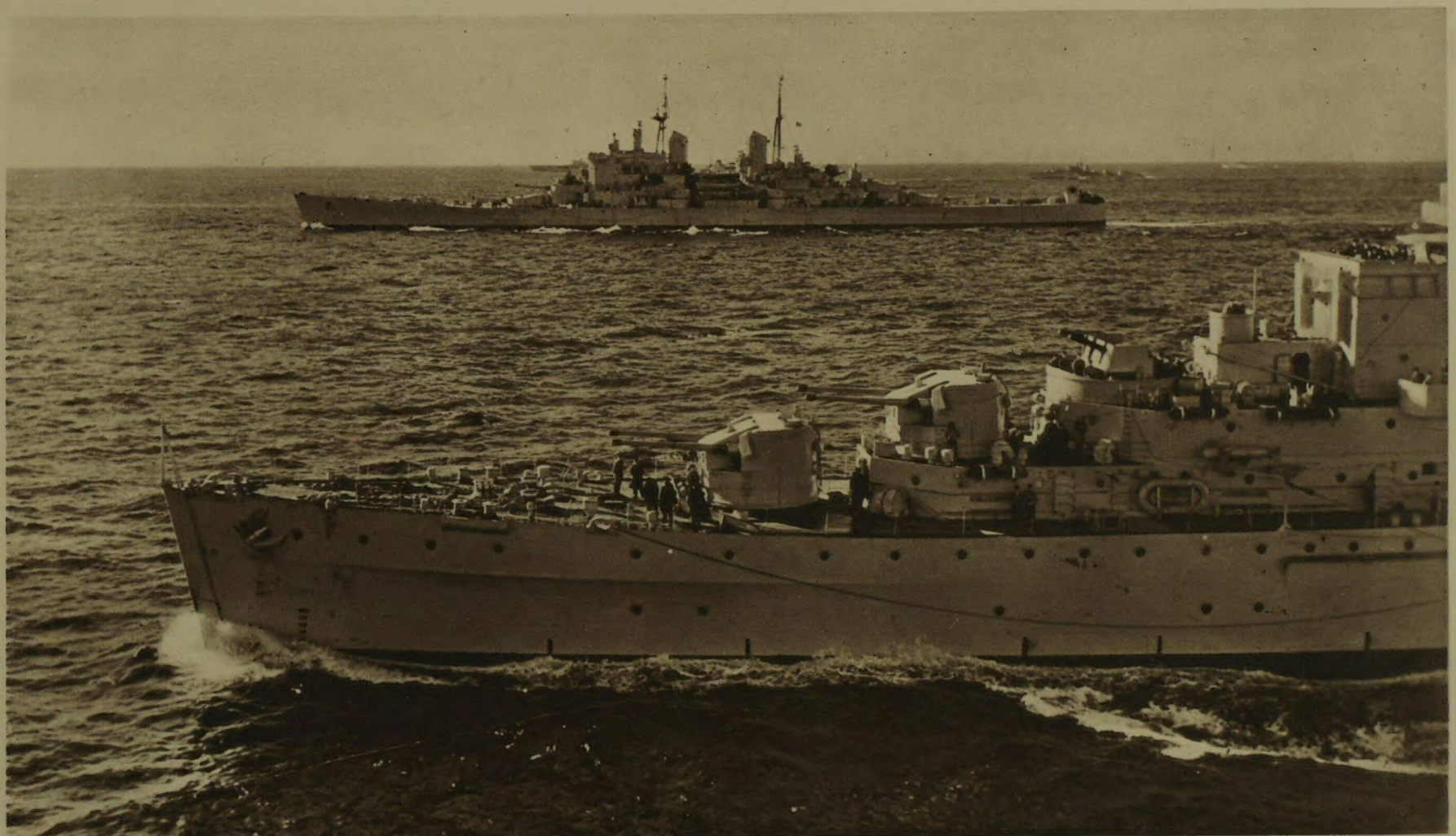


SIR FRANCIS SHEPHERD.

Appointed Ambassador in Teheran in succession to Sir John Le Rougetel. He is fifty-seven, and has been Consul-General at Batavia (now Jakarta) since 1947. Sir Francis was in charge of the Consulate-General in Danzig when the Germans invaded Poland in 1939. From October 1944 until his appointment to Batavia he was British Political Representative in Finland.



RE-FUELLING AT SEA—A ROUTINE EXERCISE DURING THE HOME FLEET'S SPRING CRUISE. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS TAKEN FROM THE FLAGSHIP, H.M.S. IMPLACABLE (RIGHT), AND THE CRUISER RECEIVING FUEL IS H.M.S. CLEOPATRA. CROSSING THEIR WAKE IS H.M.S. VANGUARD, OF THE TRAINING SQUADRON.

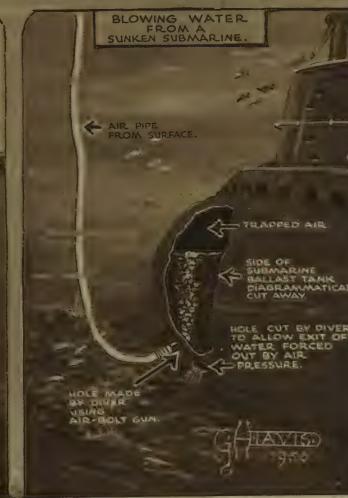
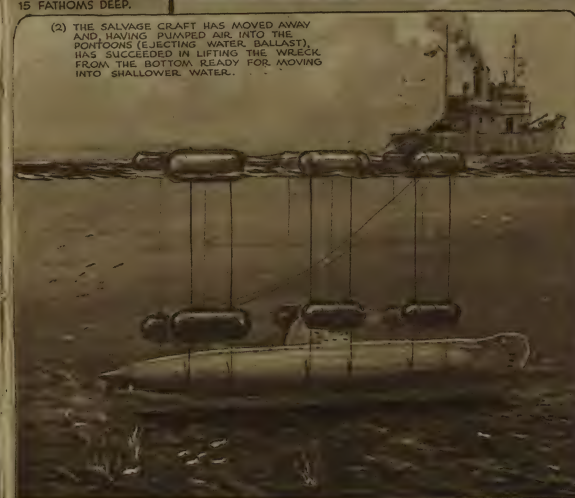
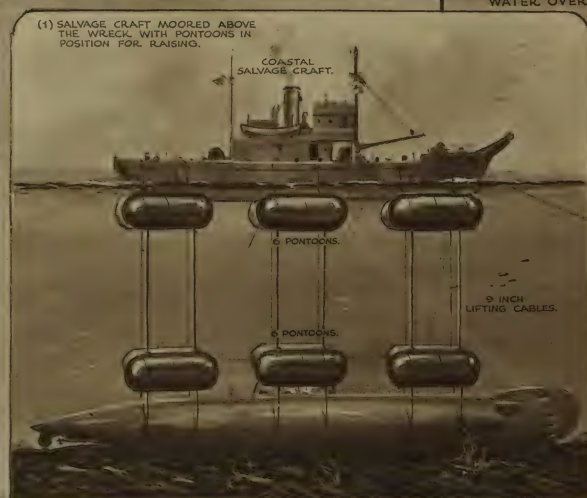
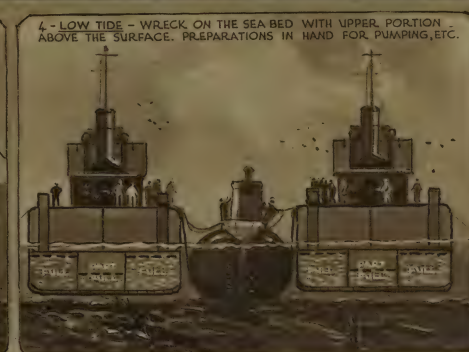
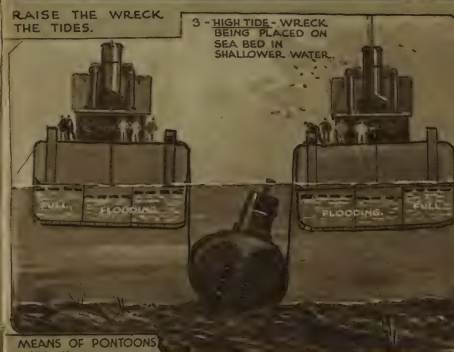
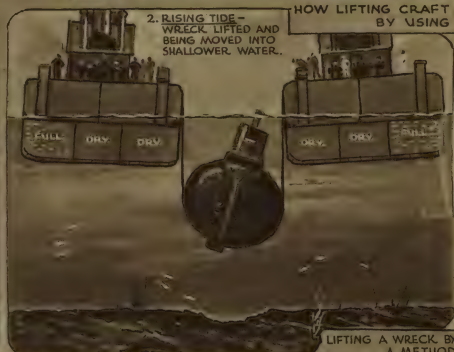
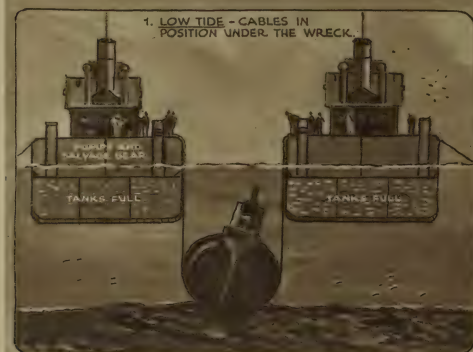
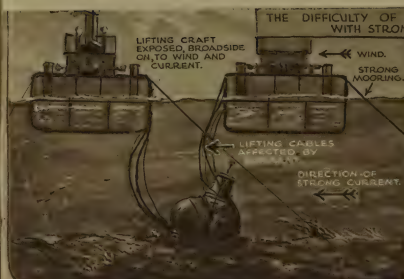
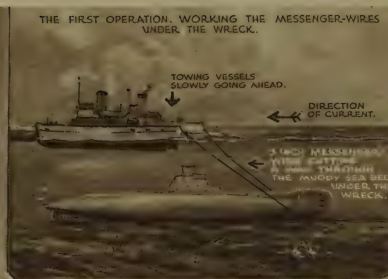
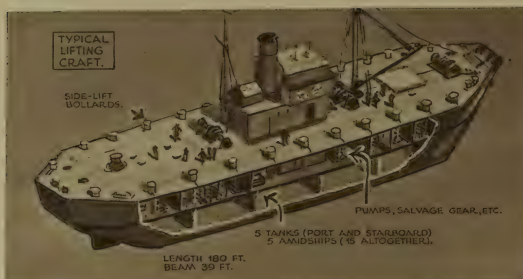


BRITAIN'S BIGGEST, STRONGEST AND LATEST BATTLESHIP, H.M.S. VANGUARD, SEEN FROM H.M.S. IMPLACABLE OVER THE BOWS OF THE CRUISER H.M.S. CLEOPATRA. AN INCIDENT IN THE SPRING CRUISE, WHILE VANGUARD AND VICTORIOUS OF THE HOME SQUADRON, WERE ACCOMPANYING THE HOME FLEET.

RE-FUELLING ON THE HIGH SEAS : VANGUARD, IMPLACABLE AND CLEOPATRA SEEN DURING THE EARLY STAGES OF THE SPRING CRUISE.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Mediterranean exercises of the Home Fleet's Spring Cruise is the fact, mentioned in our last issue, that units of the French Navy are also to take part in them. At the time of writing, details had yet to be worked out between the French and British Commands. The joint exercises were expected to begin early in March off Toulon, and to end off Oran about a fortnight later. Some units of the French Navy were also visiting Malta early in February,

and local joint exercises were arranged to take place. Our photographs were taken early in the Spring Cruise, while H.M.S. Vanguard (wearing the flag of Flag Officer Training Squadron, Rear-Admiral E. M. Evans-Lombe) and the Fleet aircraft-carrier H.M.S. Victorious, both of the Training Squadron, were still accompanying the Home Fleet. The flag of the Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet (Admiral Sir Philip L. Vian) was flown in H.M.S. Implacable, the 23,000-ton Fleet aircraft-carrier.



NEPTUNE AS AN ASSISTANT IN SALVAGE OPERATIONS: TWO METHODS OF SALVING A WRECKED

In our issue of February 4 we illustrated the methods being employed to raise the submarine *Truculent*, which was sunk in the Thames Estuary on January 12. In this case the Admiralty Salvage Organisation are using for the first time the two magnificent wreck-raising vessels *Energie* and *Audacious*, taken over from Germany at the end of World War II. These large craft are able to raise a 274-ton submarine without help from the tide. Our own salvage craft are smaller than these ex-German ships, and therefore make use of the tide when raising vessels of the size of *Truculent*. How this is done is shown diagrammatically on

this page. The first operation is to drag 3-in. messenger-wires under the hull of the sunken vessel, after they have been placed under the fore part of the wreck by divers. When these are in position 9-in. lifting cables are attached to them and are drawn down and under the hull and up the other side to one of two salvage craft. These craft are of various types, averaging about 180 ft. in length and provided with fifteen ballast tanks, and each can lift 1200 tons. These craft are moved over the wreck, and when the lifting wires are correctly positioned and the tide is rising, the water is pumped from the ballast tanks, thus

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

VESSEL IN WHICH THE BUOYANCY OF THE LIFTING DEVICES IS SUPPLEMENTED BY THE RISING TIDE.

lifting the wreck off the bottom. It is then carried in its wire slings into shallower water. It may require several lifts during a number of rising tides to bring the wreck into water so shallow that at low tide the upper hull will be above the surface. When this has been accomplished, all openings and fractures are closed and the water inside the hull is pumped or blown out so that the vessel will float as the tide rises. To blow the water out, a hollow threaded bolt is fired through the hull plating by divers using an air-bolt gun, and a high-pressure airpipe from the surface is attached to this. To provide an

exit-hole for the water, the diver may have to cut a hole in the plating with an under-water oxy-ac torch. If the wreck lies at a greater depth than 15 fathoms, pontoons are generally used to raise it. These pontoons are steel cylinders 33 ft. long and 13 ft. in diameter, through which the lifting wires pass. The pontoons are secured at the correct height above the wreck by jamming the lifting-wires with wedges and, when all is ready, the water-ballast is pumped out of them and, helped by the rising tide, the wreck is lifted and towed into shallow water where the water is expelled and the hull made watertight.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

STUDENTS of warfare, among whom I include myself, have been striving for some four-and-a-half years to convince public opinion that the atomic bomb did not necessarily involve the end of all things, not even of warfare. It was a hard task, and often an ungrateful one, since those who undertook it consistently risked laying themselves open to the charge of underrating the weapon or of adopting a callous attitude towards it. We were indeed often accused of behaving like some of the military reactionaries of Elizabethan days who wanted to cling to the long-bow in face of the musket and caliver, or those of more recent times who professed to believe that horsemen would survive in the world of the armoured fighting vehicle. Yet the work was needed, because the consequences of misunderstanding might have been disastrous. There existed a large section of public opinion prepared to cast aside all forms of armaments because it believed them to be useless. It is true that professional military opinion was not so deceived; but professional military opinion can act only through political channels, and they in their turn must in the long run feel the influence of public opinion. So our task went outside the realms of theory, and I believe what we did was appreciated.

A measure of success was achieved.

There were many minds that would not be convinced, but there always are in such cases. At the lowest, it may be said that an increasing body of intelligent opinion came to realise that atomic energy was not the sole factor in war, that nations such as the United States and Soviet Russia might be capable of surviving attack by atomic weapons, and that there were possibilities of carrying on operations by land, sea and air despite their existence. Above all, people were brought to see that disarmament in face of the threat was an absurdity and refusal to seek out all possible means of defence, including civil defence, criminal in its wrong-headedness. The contingency began to be accepted, if with hesitation, that though atomic energy furnished the most terrible weapons of war, the decision in a future war might be brought about by other means. All this was not easily accomplished, in face of the known powers of atomic weapons and the sensational stories purporting to represent reports about their progress from scientific centres.

Now the students of warfare are confronted with a pretty problem. What are they to say this time? What line are they going to take? Something new has appeared on the scene, and, whatever be the truth in the flood of speculation let loose by its appearance, there seems no doubt that it is a much more powerful and terrible weapon than the atomic bomb. I will not go into the technical details, many of which, so far as they are known, were recently given here, of the so-called hydrogen bomb. Nor do I think it worth while discussing whether or not the figure of twenty correctly represents the multiple by which the power of the hydrogen bomb will exceed that of the atomic. I will accept the proposition that the former is very much more destructive. And the most sober-minded observers must ask themselves whether there is room for anything very much more destructive. The difference in degree is a very important consideration in studying such problems. It is important both from the strategic and the moral points of view. An increase in power in a weapon may reach a point at which this has for the future to be regarded from an entirely new outlook.

Perhaps that point has now been reached. We cannot say that this is so for certain because, though on the atomic side we have a mass of evidence, on the hydrogen side we have only estimates, which may be perfectly honest but which cannot be near to precision while the thing itself remains in an undeveloped state; but there appears every possibility that it is. That is to say, the chances are that a weapon is now in its final stages of development which would prove completely and ruinously crushing to any nation against which it was employed and which, if used by both sides in a conflict, would at once bring all other forms of warfare to an end. In other words, a state of affairs not so far removed from the theories which I have described myself as combating would in fact have been reached. Warfare in the normal sense would become all but impossible. It might be thought at first sight that this would have a good effect, since no State, however large and powerful, would care to enter into a hydrogen-bomb war. Unfortunately, a nation might conceive that it could ensure victory by quick and decisive use of the bomb.* When this mood becomes prevalent the worst disaster may follow.

This is the weapon which President Truman, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of the United States, has decided to develop. His responsibility in this matter was almost intolerable, but relatively little criticism of his decision has been heard from his own country—or, indeed, from ours. Yet there can be no

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE LATEST BOMB.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

doubt that many are deeply dismayed that such a necessity should have arisen. Once again, with even more insistence than when the atomic bomb was in their minds, men are asking whether international action, pledges and supervision cannot be employed to check steps which may be leading towards suicide. In this regard there is one interesting point to be noted. It is believed that the hydrogen bomb is a development of the atomic, and that any proposals made for the control of the latter would apply equally well to that of the former. As we know all too well, attempts to reach a formula satisfactory both to Soviet Russia and the United States have repeatedly broken down. As I have said, there is no new problem of control, so it might seem hopeless to persevere in such attempts. Yes, but there is an

inadequate plan, but it marks a long advance upon the attitude adopted by Moscow when this question was first discussed. Then the very notion of foreigners "spying" upon Soviet territory was indignantly repudiated. The reason for the present more accommodating approach to the question is a closer realisation of how serious it is. And this realisation came about with regard to the atomic bomb and long before

there had been any report from the United States that the hydrogen bomb was in course of development. In such circumstances it would be illogical as well as cowardly to despair of further progress—or, alternatively, of a closer Russian approach to the entirely different American plan, based to begin with on the international ownership of thorium and uranium. At the same time, agreement will be at best very difficult. We have seen in past negotiations that it has often been when the gap has appeared to be at its narrowest that the rupture has been most complete.

I have seen some unfavourable comment on the fact that information about the hydrogen bomb appears to have been issued morsel by morsel through the United States Defence or Service Ministries before the President made his announcement. It is pointed out that the probable object was to prepare the minds of Congress and public for further defence expenditure. I have nothing to say as to the propriety of the procedure, but I do not consider that, if it has been as described, this in any respect lessens the danger of the hydrogen bomb or the urgency of taking steps to deal with it. Those responsible may have wanted to make some propaganda in favour of the defence budget; but this does not mean that they have exaggerated the potentialities of the hydrogen bomb. There, in fact, the evidence coming from American scientists furnishes proof that there is nothing bogus about the claims made for it. These men, the great majority of whom are connected with atomic research, have appealed for an undertaking that in no circumstance would the United States use this bomb first. It is evident that they regard it with as much misgiving as anyone else and that they are appalled by the danger to the world of a weapon to the development of which they have in some cases themselves contributed.

This country also must be deeply interested in the question. As an ally of the United States and one which is even now providing that country's forces with important and valuable facilities on the eastern side of the Atlantic, it has the right as well as the duty to make its voice heard. The General Election, unfortunately, may cause delay; but this is a matter of urgency which should be given the most serious attention at the earliest possible moment. If it should be

found that there is any hesitation on the part of the State Department in attempting to reopen the hitherto unsuccessful negotiations with Soviet Russia for the control and inspection of the production of atomic energy, the Foreign Office must make it clear that we are too deeply implicated in the consequences and too vulnerable to the weapon which may emerge to allow ourselves to be balked by the fear of acting unconventionally or of encountering yet another rebuff at the hands of Russia. Unless the information which has been circulated about the hydrogen bomb is false, or is belied by the results actually achieved in development and production, we are standing at a point where the future destinies of mankind may be made or marred. These are not circumstances in which a timid or a half-hearted policy is tolerable. No chance can be neglected.

No one can accuse the Press of failure to allot an adequate share of its space to this problem. No echo of it is, however, to be found in the speeches and broadcast addresses of the General Election campaign. To be fair, it must be recognised that foreign policy and defence are virtually non-controversial so far as the Conservative and Labour Parties are concerned, and it is reasonable that the politicians should devote themselves to discussion of the points on which their plans and ideals differ. Yet sometimes, as the phrases float by, one is seized with a sense of the irony of it all. "Full employment," "social security," "the Welfare State," "free enterprise"—how little would any or all of them mean if a weapon such as is foretold in the hydrogen bomb were to be let loose in the world! It is true that social life and social progress have always lived under the shadow of war; but in the past few years the danger represented by war to civilisation itself has enormously increased. We should of course be fools to fold our hands and say that we refused to plan or legislate for the future until we had removed the dreadful threat behind us; but at the same time this is a more vital task than any for which the rival legislators are preparing.



"NOBODY WAS PREPARED TO VOTE AGAINST THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BOMB, WHILE THE MAJORITY WAS STRONGLY IN FAVOUR OF DEVELOPING THE BOMB": MEMBERS OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION AND THE JOINT CONGRESSIONAL ATOMIC ENERGY COMMITTEE DISCUSSING THE HYDROGEN BOMB.

After President Truman's announcement on January 31 that he had ordered the Atomic Energy Commission to proceed with the development of the hydrogen bomb, there was a closed meeting between the Commission and the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee. After the meeting, Senator McMahon, Chairman of the Committee, said they had discussed "ways and means and plans for proceeding with the President's decision on the subject of the hydrogen bomb." Our photograph shows: (standing, l. to r.) Senator J. W. Bricker, Representative P. J. Kilday, Representative M. Price, Representative C. Hinshaw, Representative C. H. Elston and Acting Chairman Sumner Pike. (Seated, l. to r.) Senator B. McMahon, Representative C. T. Durham and Representative C. Holifield.



"WE BELIEVE THAT NO NATION HAS THE RIGHT TO USE SUCH A BOMB...": A GROUP OF LEADING AMERICAN SCIENTISTS GATHERED AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ON FEBRUARY 5 FOR A MEETING OF THE AMERICAN PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

Twelve of America's leading physicists, all of whom took important parts in the development of the atomic bomb, joined on February 5 in urging the United States to make a solemn declaration that it would never use the hydrogen bomb in warfare unless an enemy used it first against the United States or against its allies. In a statement issued at the annual meeting of the American Physical Society they confirmed the terrible potentialities of the hydrogen bomb and said that there could be only one justification for the development of the bomb, "and that is to prevent its use." Our photograph shows: (l. to r., front row) G. B. Pegram (Columbia), S. K. Allison (Chicago), B. Rossi (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) and H. A. Bethe (Cornell). (Second row, l. to r.) K. T. Bainbridge (Harvard), C. C. Lauritsen (California Institute of Technology), V. F. Weisskopf (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) and F. W. Loomis (Illinois). (Third row, l. to r.) R. B. Brode (California), M. G. White (Princeton) and F. Seitz (Illinois). Dr. Tuve, who also signed the statement, does not appear in our photograph.

increased danger, one of a new category, a fresh urgency. So we must go on.

I should not say that the prospect of success was hopeless. The latest Russian plan would leave national Governments in full possession and management of mines and atomic plants while granting an international commission power to make periodical inspections of them and enabling it to carry out special investigations where there was room for the suspicion that illegal work was in progress. It is an



THE UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF STATE: MR. DEAN ACHESON, WHO DEFINES THE ATTAINMENT OF PEACE AS THE BASIC OBJECT OF AMERICAN POLICY—A GOAL "WE MUST NEVER FOR A MOMENT DOUBT THE POSSIBILITY OF ACHIEVING."

Mr. Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State since January, 1949, made an important analysis of his country's relations to the European Powers on February 8. He pointed out that the road to peace—the basic object of American foreign policy—was long and difficult in the world to-day, but that the United States must never waver in pursuing that goal, and must never for a moment doubt the possibility of achieving it. He spoke of the purposefulness of Russia, but added that she could adjust herself to facts, and that agreements with the Soviet Union had been useful only when they registered facts. "It was therefore basic American policy to create

conditions which would extend the area of possible agreement with the Soviet Union—to build situations so strong that their strength could be recognised by the Soviet Government." Referring to the prospect of new and terrible weapons, he said that to be troubled over it was "a proper and sober response," but that these weapons did not change the facts of the situation. They meant that Americans must be even calmer and steadier. Mr. Acheson, who was born in 1893, is a distinguished lawyer. He was Assistant Secretary of State, 1941-45, and Under-Secretary of State from 1945 to 1947.

Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.

NEW LIGHT ON A DRAMATIC LIFE.

"BYRON: A SELF-PORTRAIT." LETTERS AND DIARIES 1798 to 1824: EDITED By PETER QUENNEL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE more of Byron's prose—letters and journals—we have the better: he had not merely the profusion but the heat of a volcano. But it is astonishing, considering the brevity and variety of his life, that new writings by him should so continually be coming to light. Generation after generation has believed itself the recipient of his final legacies; only about a year ago I reviewed here the Marchesa Origo's book, "The Last Attachment," which contained many "new" letters to the Countess Guiccioli; and I thought myself that there surely, after so many instalments, couldn't be anything more to come. But no: Mr. Quennell, who has already written two very good books about Byron, is able to announce new finds in his preface to what is virtually an anthology of Byron's prose.

He says: "That particular section [the correspondence with Lady Melbourne] of his private papers (edited and published by John Murray under the title of *Lord Byron's Correspondence*), as he had prophesied, finally burst upon the world in 1922. It added not a little to our understanding of his temperament, and heightened the impression made by his *Letters and Journals*, edited in six volumes by R. E. Prothero (later Lord Ernle) at the end of the last century. But a mass of documents, some of them unusually illuminating, still remain unpublished. A large number are preserved at 50 Albemarle Street, in a house that Byron often visited, among the Murray archives: others repose in the British Museum, or have been acquired by collections, both private and public, in England and America. Because the pleasures of becoming acquainted with Byron far outweigh the perils, we have been tempted to make a new selection of the poet's scattered prose-writings, the letters he dashed off to his friends and the wonderful diaries and journals in which, for his own amusement, he composed a partial and fragmentary, but extremely vivid, self-portrait. Together with material already published, we have included fifty-six letters hitherto unprinted; while to the published text of some thirty-six we have restored passages, ranging in length from a few lines to several solid paragraphs, suppressed or omitted by Byron's previous editors." Fifty-six "new" letters, after all this time and all the searching! A great many of them are in the possession of Sir John Murray, descendant of Byron's publisher; others are scattered in such remote places as the Huntingdon Library, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Pierpont Morgan Library, the Yale University Library, and the University of Texas. As to those which are here, one can only wonder why, considering the amount of scouring which has been done, so many of them should have escaped earlier reproduction. For example, there is a long letter of October, 1820, from Ravenna, to Byron's sister Augusta Leigh, explaining why he was going to get rid of Newstead, commenting (very humanely) upon the Queen Caroline scandal, and finishing up with a typical bit of Byronic jocularly: "I have got a flourishing family (besides my daughter Allegra); here are two Cats, six dogs, a badger, a falcon, a tame Crow, and a Monkey. The fox died, and a Civet Cat ran away. With the exception of an occasional civil war about provisions, they agree to admiration, and do not make more noise than a well-behaved Nursery. I have also eight horses—four carriage, and four saddle—and go prancing away daily, at present up to the middle in mire, for here have been the Autumnal rains, and drenched everything, amongst others myself yesterday, I got soaked through, cloak and all, and the horse through his skin, I believe."

Perhaps those who passed this letter by thought it too trivial; but it is the trivial things which are, to posterity, the most interesting; jokes, dinners and domestic details being things which link us much more closely to our ancestors than any amount of information about supposedly important affairs. I have read mounds of eighteenth-century correspondence, including John Fortescue's six-volume edition of the Letters

of George III. It has all been interesting to a person with a voracity for the past, and has doubtless contributed to a façade of erudition. But what remains vividly in the mind? Small things like Horace Walpole's valediction, Parson Woodforde's visit to Salisbury, and Gray's Byronic postscript to Walpole: "P.S.—My duck has eat a frog." A few years ago they dug up, at Aphroditopolis, or some such place, a letter on papyrus from an Ancient Egyptian father rebuking his son at the University for extravagance.



LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON.

From a Portrait by G. W. Harlow. Reproduced from the book "Byron: A Self-Portrait"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, John Murray, London.

That sort of thing—or, as it might be, accounts relating to beer-money for the men who built the Pyramids—gives "the touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin" far more than the frescoes and friezes depicting forgotten wars and extinct social systems. In whatever age Lord Byron had lived, his words, had they been preserved, would have seemed



LORD BYRON.

A Contemporary Portrait by Sir William Allan, R.A., P.R.S.A. [From a Private Collection.]

contemporaneous to any other age, as do certain lines of Catullus, Horace, and Meleager, certain jests of Aristophanes, and certain yarns of Herodotus.

He was, as Mr. Quennell remarks, a person difficult to analyse or define: very spontaneous and very elusive. Perhaps if all men were as frank as he no man would be easy to define: the easy to define are those who wear masks or blinkers or dedicate themselves to single-tracks, only one of which leads to the stars. Most men suppress, or at least endeavour to conceal certain aspects of themselves, whether the aspect of crusader or (more commendably) that of

cad, that of the aesthete or that of the "go-getter," a natural indolence or a natural impatience. There was no concealment about Byron, and the result was that although he shocked many people he fascinated more, and a greater variety of them.

"His inconsistency and emotional instability were as much a part of Byron's character as his melancholy, his fatalism or his wild, romantic yearnings; and in his collected correspondence all are fully set forth—and set forth with a freedom and freshness, even with a kind of shamelessness, rarely equalled and never surpassed in European literature. He may not reveal the whole of himself, but he gives us more than any English letter-writer had previously attempted. Indeed, he had more to give. His nature, with its disorderly abundance, its bewildering assemblage of mean and noble attributes, was, as his contemporaries guessed, in the most genuine sense, inimitable; and, when he died, young and old understood that a light had been extinguished. 'Byron is dead. . . . Byron is dead,' scratched the boyish Tennyson, half-stupefied by the news, upon the sandstone slabs of a deserted quarry. 'Gentlemen, Lord Byron is dead!' announced the Duke of Rutland to a gathering of local fox-hunters: and the country gentlemen abandoned their banquet and silently, unquestioningly trooped home." That sort of effect cannot be produced by mere poetic eminence; Keats was a greater poet than Byron. Nor could great artistic eminence and great intellect coupled with rank achieve it: had Keats been born a marquess, no party of fox-hunters would have broken up because he had died. Byron left a great hole in the world because of the quality and force of his personality; the boy Tennyson and the prime Duke of Rutland each instinctively felt: "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." Such sway does not depend on virtue: there was a great deal of goodness and generosity in Byron: but little in Napoleon and none in Hitler, who exercised a similar fascination over their respective nations. Had he not been a poet and an amorist, what

a demagogic politician Byron would have made. In England, I mean, of course; Hitler, in Germany, was able to proclaim: "I am the greatest German who ever lived"; and be taken at his word by obsequious and humourless millions; Byron, had it been suggested to him that he should say: "I am the greatest Englishman who ever lived," would have roared with laughter and called for brandy all round.

I think it was that acute critic and most lovable man, the late Robert Lynd, who said that no book about Byron could possibly be dull. Even so stupid a man as Medwin is readable about Byron, because he was his contemporary and had stories about him to tell, and any story about him was bound to be interesting. And later biographers must be obliged to quote freely from Byron himself, and the quotations would be lively enough to carry any book, however commonplace the surrounding text. Here there is hardly any surrounding text. Byron speaks for himself in an accumulation of documents which

virtually amount to an autobiography.

The last of the unpublished letters was sent to Douglas Kinnaird from Greece. Byron said (asking for some royalties): "For three hundred pounds I can maintain in Greece at more than fullest pay of the Provisional Govt., rations included, one hundred armed men for three months." The passage may be commended to those who lose sight of changes in the real value of money.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 270 of this issue.

MR. PETER QUENNEL, THE EDITOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Peter Quennell was educated at Berkhamsted Grammar School and Balliol College, Oxford. He was Professor of English Literature at the University of Tokyo in 1930. He is the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and has written two other books on Byron—"Byron: The Years of Fame" and "Byron in Italy."

Photograph by John Vickers.

* "Byron: A Self-Portrait." Letters and Diaries 1798 to 1824, with hitherto unpublished letters. Edited by Peter Quennell. Frontispieces. (John Murray: 2 volumes; £2 2s.)

ACTION STATIONS: THE POLITICAL PARTIES REVIEW THEIR BATTLE ORDER.

AS Polling Day approaches, the battle headquarters of the three main political parties are the scenes of feverish activity. At the Conservative Central Office, Transport House and the Liberal Party H.Q., in Gayfere Street, London, there are large maps or charts indicating the constituencies and the number of candidates. Party headquarters are wisely cautious about discussing their chances in the crucial areas, but campaign reports, the estimates of Party organisations and a study of election statistics, now permit a survey of the whole field of the General Election. From past experience it has been found that certain seats can be taken to be "indicators"—that is, they tend to return candidates of the Party winning the election. An interesting article that appeared recently in the *Daily Telegraph* pointed out that "about 100 seats can be selected in which, despite the great changes wrought by redistribution, the trends of opinion may serve as a reasonably accurate pointer to the national decision." Salford is the most famous of indicator seats. With its old claim always to return its results first, it has pointed the way the election would go in 1924, 1929, 1931, 1935 and 1945. The Conservatives claim that they are going into the fight with an organisation more complete than anything they have had before and that it compares favourably with the Socialist Party machine, behind which are the trade unions and the Co-operative movement. The situation of the Liberal Party is rather different but, undaunted by the result of the 1945 election, when only eleven of their 308 candidates were returned, they are hoping this time to have some 450 candidates in the field.



AT BATTLE H.Q.: LORD WOOLTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, STUDYING AN OPERATIONS CHART, AT THE CONSERVATIVE CENTRAL OFFICE, WHICH SHOWS ALL THE CONSTITUENCIES AND THE NUMBER OF CANDIDATES.



REVIEWING THE ELECTION FRONT AT TRANSPORT HOUSE: MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS, SECRETARY OF THE LABOUR PARTY, LOOKING AT A MAP ON WHICH "THE SCORE THIS TIME" WILL BE ENTERED.



LOOKING AT THE BATTLE ORDER: MR. EDWARD MARTELL, DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE LIBERAL PARTY, AT LIBERAL PARTY H.Q.



SETTING OUT TO BATTLE FOR CONSERVATISM: MR. CHURCHILL TRAVELLING BY BRITISH RAILWAYS, WHEN HE LEFT FROM PADDINGTON TO ADDRESS AN OPEN-AIR MEETING AT CARDIFF.

PERSONALITIES OF THE PARTIES: ITEMS FROM THE GENERAL ELECTION FRONT.



SETTING OUT TO BATTLE FOR SOCIALISM: MR. ATTLEE, DRIVEN BY MRS. ATTLEE, LEAVING LONDON IN WHAT HE CALLED "A GOOD OLD VINTAGE CAR."



BRINGING HIS ELECTION POSTER TO LIFE: MR. P. B. LUCAS, THE WELL-KNOWN AMATEUR GOLFER, CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR BRENTFORD AND CHISWICK, WITH HIS BULLDOG MASCOT.



TWO GENERATIONS OF THE CHURCHILL SPIRIT: "THE OLD WARRIOR" WITH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, MR. AND MRS. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IS FIGHTING THE DEVONPORT CONSTITUENCY.



MR. STRACHEY, FOOD MINISTER IN THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT, AND THE TARGET OF MANY ATTACKS, SPEAKING AT CLYDEBANK. HE IS STANDING AGAIN FOR DUNDEE, AS A SOCIALIST.



MR. ANTHONY EDEN, WHO MADE THE FIRST CONSERVATIVE BROADCAST IN THE GENERAL ELECTION SERIES, HERE SEEN SPEAKING AT LIVERPOOL.



TESTING A HOUSEWIFE'S MEAT: MISS M. H. ROBERTS, A TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD FOOD RESEARCH SCIENTIST, STANDING AS A CONSERVATIVE FOR DARTFORD, AND BELIEVED TO BE THE YOUNGEST CANDIDATE.



NOW WOOLING THE MIDDLE CLASSES AND CONFIDENT OF "AN EVEN GREATER MAJORITY" FOR LABOUR: MR. BEVAN IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE AT LIVERPOOL.

As the election campaign warmed up, the spate of electoral eloquence or, at all events, oratory, assailed the voters in ever-increasing quantity, and with the hand-microphone giving the official speaker the easy means of drowning even the most vociferous individualist, only the most outstanding utterances of candidates could carry anything more than the most ephemeral cogency. Mr. Churchill, however, while speaking in support of his son Randolph's candidature at Devonport, caused

considerable stir by referring to the question of petrol rationing. He said that the Conservatives were determined to put an end to it at the earliest possible moment, but said they could make no definite promise as they did not know all the facts. "We have been kept in the dark to such an extent," he said, "that it is impossible for us to measure the difficulties and repercussions which the freeing of the sale of petrol at this moment might involve."



ON THE OPENING DAY OF HIS ELECTION TOUR: MR. ATTLEE, THE LEADER OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY, SPEAKING FROM THE TAIL-BOARD OF A DECORATED LORRY AT WOLVERTON IN SUPPORT OF MR. AIDAN CRAWLEY, THE OLD OXFORD CRICKET BLUE AND RADIO COMMENTATOR.



ADDRESSING A CROWD WHICH, DESPITE BITTER COLD AND HEAVY RAIN, NUMBERED AN ESTIMATED 20,000: MR. CHURCHILL, THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, GIVING THE VICTORY SIGN AT A MEETING IN THE NINIAN PARK FOOTBALL GROUND, CARDIFF.

THE PARTY LEADERS ENTER THE LISTS: MR. ATTLEE'S MIDLAND TOUR, AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT CARDIFF.

Mr. Attlee left Downing Street on February 8 on his long election tour. He was travelling by car and was driven by Mrs. Attlee. During the first day he spoke at Watford, Wolverton, Coventry, and Oldbury, winding up at the Bull Ring, Birmingham. The next day he continued through the Midlands and addressed audiences at West Bromwich, Wolverhampton, Walsall, Lichfield, Stoke-on-Trent, Burton-on-Trent and Derby. He said he was not going to indulge in "a slanging match"

with Mr. Churchill, and devoted much of his remarks to a severe criticism of the latter's speech at Cardiff. The same day that Mr. Attlee began his tour, Mr. Churchill spoke at Cardiff at an open-air meeting in bad weather. He paid a striking tribute to the late Mr. David Lloyd-George, and took the opportunity of a glancing blow at Mr. Aneurin Bevan. "There can be no greater insult to his memory," he said, "than to suggest that to-day Wales has a second Lloyd-George."

Give him a chance-and he will grow you more food



VOTE CONSERVATIVE
for wise National Housekeeping

for family happiness-and a home



VOTE CONSERVATIVE

Make Britain great again



VOTE CONSERVATIVE

for fair wages fair prices-and a house to live in



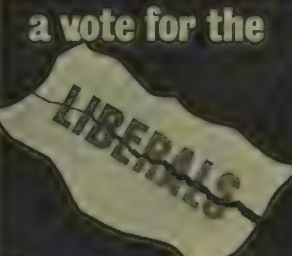
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It's common sense



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a vote for the



is a vote wasted

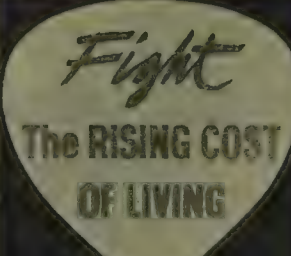
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The Party of the Future

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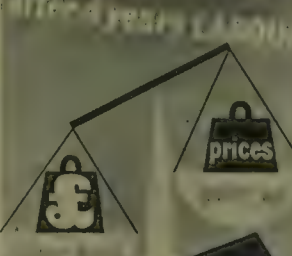
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for a sure and happier future

Fight
The RISING COST OF LIVING



VOTE CONSERVATIVE

After Labour's rule



VOTE CONSERVATIVE

SOCIALISM
leads to
COMMUNISM

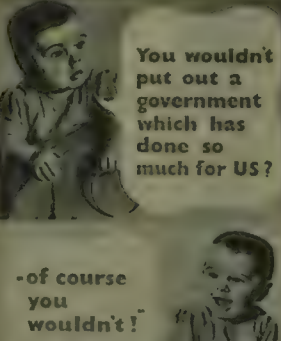
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KEEP IT GOING!



LABOUR

You wouldn't put out a government which has done so much for us?



-of course you wouldn't!
So vote **LABOUR**

remember?



LABOUR

LABOUR'S HEALTH SERVICE
COVERS EVERYONE



LABOUR

THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR-



LABOUR

Labour
promised & achieved

FULL EMPLOYMENT
SOCIAL SECURITY
THRIVING FARMS
FAIR SHARES

VOTE Labour
the Party you can trust

They remember-



LABOUR

A million new homes



LABOUR

HIS FUTURE—
—YOUR VOTE!




LABOUR

LABOUR SEES
YOU GET THESE



LABOUR

LORD SAMUEL
LEADER of the
LIBERAL PEERS



LADY MARGARET
deputy leader of the
The LIBERAL
PARLIAMENTARY PARTY



It's no good getting
the Socialists out
by putting the
Tories in
VOTE LIBERAL
—the **ONLY** policy
that means
FAIR SHARES FOR ALL!

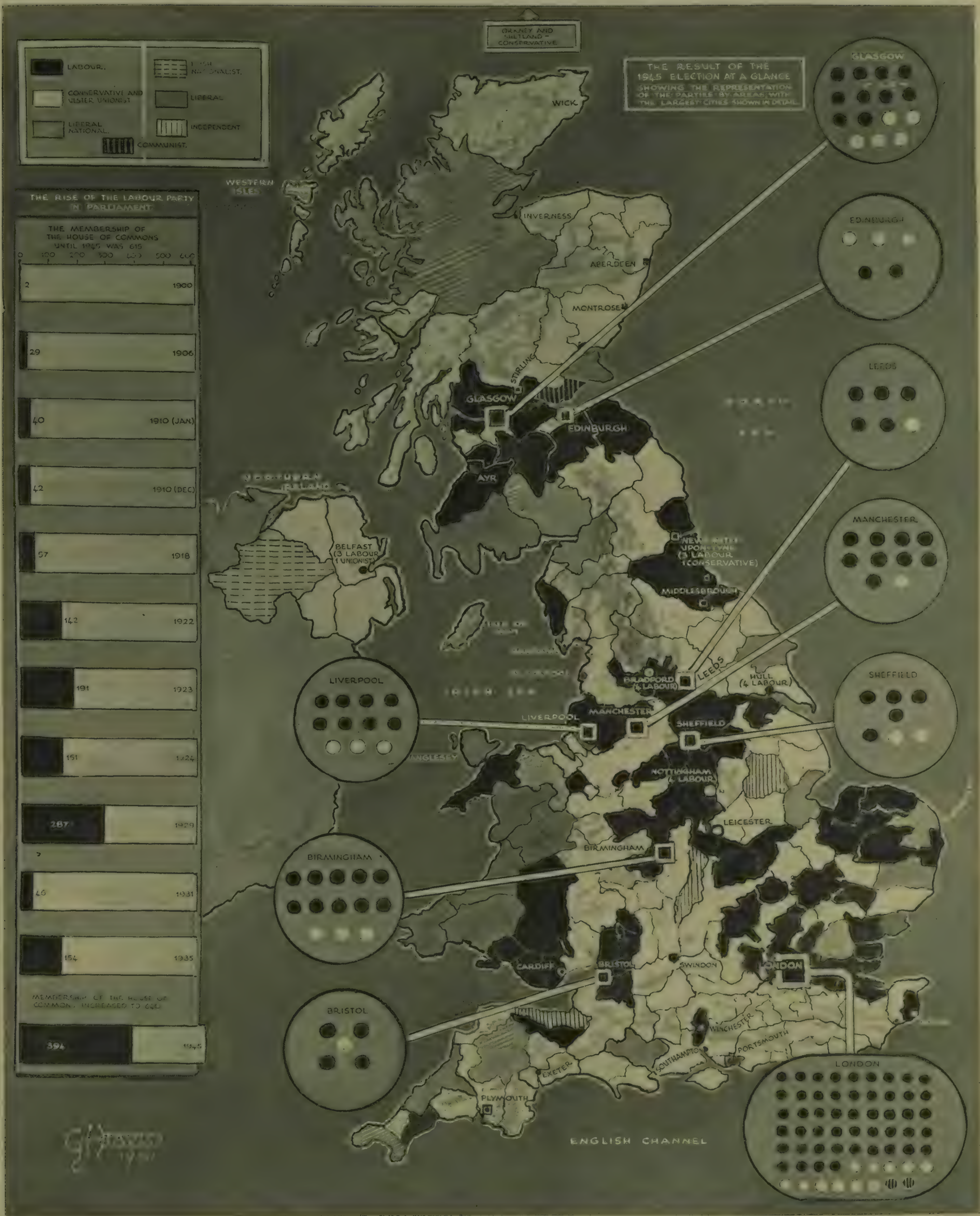
CLEMENT DAVIES
The LIBERAL
LEADER



FRANK BYERS
CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP



HOW THE POLITICAL PARTIES ARE APPEALING TO THE ELECTORATE FROM THE HOARDINGS: SELECTIONS FROM THE POSTERS, ISSUED BY THE THREE MAIN PARTIES, WHICH HAVE BEEN DESIGNED TO CATCH YOUR VOTE BY HAMMERING HOME THE SALIENT POINTS OF THEIR ELECTION PROPAGANDA. THE POSTERS ARE ALL PRINTED IN BRIGHT COLOURS.



THE RESULTS OF THE 1945 ELECTION AT A GLANCE—WITH THE FLUCTUATIONS OF LABOUR'S RISE TO POWER.

Elsewhere in this issue we give a large double-page map of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, showing all the 625 constituencies of this month's electoral map, for the convenience of those of our readers who wish to mark up the results as they come in. Here we give the electoral map of 1945—with its 640 constituencies marked up with the results of the great Labour landslide of that year. This completed map is, also, a reflection of the population of the country, inasmuch

as despite the Labour predominance in the boroughs and industrial districts, the large-area constituencies remained very largely Conservative or, in certain West Country, Welsh and Scottish districts, Liberal, with the anomalous effect that despite everything, the map still looked largely non-Socialist. Inset in the main picture we show in tabular form the fluctuating growth of the strength of the Labour Party in Parliament during the fifty years of its life in the House of Commons.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.



THE 625 CONSTITUENCIES WHICH WILL DECIDE THE GENERAL ELECTION ON FEBRUARY 23, A MAP OF GREAT BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND ON WHICH THE RESULTS CAN BE MARKED.

The results of the General Election on February 23 are of immense importance to the country, and every man and woman will follow the announcements of returns with the deepest concern and excitement as they come in. In order that our readers may record these results, we print a special Election Map of Great Britain and Northern Ireland on which the 625 constituencies of the General Election, 1950, are shown sufficiently clearly to enable them to be marked with the appropriate colour for the Member returned in each—Blue for the Conservative, Yellow for the Liberal and Red for the Labour candidates—the traditional Party colours in most constituencies. From time to time, owing to the shifts of the population, it becomes necessary to reconsider the question of the distribution of seats in the House of Commons, and other matters connected with the electoral law. By the Representation of the People Act (1885) membership was increased from 658 (at which it had stood since 1801 after the Act of Union with Ireland) to 670, and by a similar Act (1918) it was increased to 707. By the Government of Ireland Act (1920) membership was decreased

to 615, Irish representation being reduced from 105 to 13 members. By the Representation of the People Act of 1945, 25 new constituencies were created, making the total 640; and by the Representation of the People Act (1948) the total membership after the General Election on February 23 will be 625. Through the principle of this Act, "one man, one vote," the Universities have been deprived of their seats, and this has also meant the abolition of the business premises vote and, in particular, the special representation of the City of London. The Universities were formerly represented as follows: Cambridge (2), Combined Universities of Durham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol and Reading (2), London (1), Oxford (2), the University of Wales (1), Scottish Combined Universities, St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh (3), and Northern Ireland, Queen's University, Belfast (1). A number of new boroughs have been created, and boundary revisions have caused changes. Thus the names of certain constituencies no longer appear. These include Ayr, Montrose, Caernarvon, Great Yarmouth, Hythe, Morphet, Dumbarton and Leith.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE only redeeming feature that I have ever discovered in weeds is the immense satisfaction that their destruction can give one. It is pleasant to contemplate an

expanse of chickweed or groundsel wilting and shrivelling in the sun after the hoe has been over them. One may gloat, too, with almost greater satisfaction—for it has entailed less labour—over a weed-stricken path which has been dealt with by the Borgia technique. I have met one gardener, however, who actually courted and encouraged certain weeds. Chickweed and groundsel were his especial favourites. He boasted that he had an exceptionally virile strain of chickweed. What he liked was a nice, close sward of such annual weeds, carpeting the soil in his kitchen garden between and beneath the lettuces and other vegetables. It kept the ground cool and moist, he explained. When the crops had been harvested, the weeds were dug in as green manure. What astonished me was that his vegetables looked surprisingly healthy and prosperous. They were no better, as far as I could judge, than the same vegetables would have been if grown by orthodox methods. But he was so happy to think they were better that I did not argue the point.

The gardener's object, where weeds are concerned, is to destroy or control them with the least damage to wanted plants, and the least trouble to himself. In this connection, science has given us two priceless aids, poison weed-killer and the hormone method. Ordinary weed-killers, especially those which are founded on arsenic, I don't much like. They are a danger to dogs, cats, birds, etc.; and there is an even graver danger. Somebody becomes unaccountably dead, a garden boy, or a surplus aunt, maybe. A half-empty tin of arsenical weed-killer is

WEEDS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

ground will remain dead to all vegetation for several months. The time will vary according to the rainfall. If it is ground on which things are to be grown, it is best to test it before planting by sowing some fast-germinating seeds, turnip, mustard, or cress. If these survive, all is well. It is wise also to restore life and fertility to the soil by digging in a dressing of some organic manure, farmyard or compost. There is, however, one danger with sodium chlorate. It is terribly inflammable. This can best be demonstrated by a simple experiment. Dip a piece of rag or paper in the solution, dry it in the sun, and put a match to it. It will burn with white-hot and terrifying fury. So don't get the solution on your clothes.

misleading the blind up the garden path! There is one line of attack upon perennial weeds which have become established in difficult places where poison cannot be used with safety, and that is death by drowning. Plants, we are told, breathe through their leaves. Prevent their producing leaves for long enough, and they give up the unequal struggle and die of exhaustion. It is very like pushing a man under water again and again, every time he comes up for a breath. But with plants it is necessary to push them under oftener. Two years ago I planted a bed of Lily of the Valley in my garden, unaware that there were still deep-seated roots of bellbind in the soil. Next spring several hearty plants came up. Instead of disturbing the nicely established Lilies of the Valley, and open-casting for the bellbind—which would have been a major operation and unlikely to be completely successful—I resorted to drowning. All that summer I sliced off every bellbind shoot an inch or two below the surface directly it showed so much as half an inch above ground. As autumn approached the bellbind surfaced less and less frequently, and its struggles became more and more feeble. I cleared the bed completely in the one season. Next year there was not a sign of bellbind. This method of "drowning" a weed must be thorough and persistent. Never must the plant be allowed to take one single deep breath, for that delays death and prolongs the agony.

Both the bellbinds are bad weeds, among the worst, in fact, with roots that plunge deep into the earth, and every scrap of root is capable of making a fresh plant, and twining stems that strangle their betters. But



AN UNPLEASANT WEED IF IT GETS INTO A GARDEN: THE CREEPING BUTTERCUP, *Ranunculus repens*, WHICH SPREADS BY MEANS OF RUNNERS. THESE TAKE ROOT AND PRODUCE NEW PLANTS.

Photographs by Harold Bastin.

The hormone weed-killers, of which there are several proprietary brands on the market, are one of those miracles which really have come true. It is not so many years ago that gardeners were wont to say what was needed was a selective weed-killer: one which would kill the weeds, and leave the plants unharmed. "It might be worked out," the optimists would say, only to be crushed by some biting irony to the effect that pigs might fly. To-day pigs fly, and think nothing of it. Racehorses flying the Atlantic or to the next race meeting are almost a commonplace. And to-day we have selective hormone weed-killers for lawns. You just buy a tin, dilute according to directions, and water it on to the turf. The plantains, daisies, dandelions, clover, etc., die within a week or two, and the grass remains unharmed. These selective hormone weed-killers are not poisons in the ordinary sense of the word. They are, in fact, growth stimulants which affect some plants but not others, and among the "others" are the grasses. They stimulate the growth of the lawn weeds to such an extent that they become so wildly distorted that they, so to speak, writhe and twist themselves to death. Hormones, strange, mysterious substances, are coming more and more into garden use. There are hormone preparations which may be sprayed on to apple-trees to prevent the crop falling prematurely, and another type, sprayed on to potatoes, prevents their sprouting in the clump.

Some of the deep-rooting perennial weeds are extremely difficult to deal with, especially when they have established themselves among trees, shrubs, or other plants which prohibit the use of weed-killer. Among the worst of these are horseradish, coltsfoot, bellbind, and the coltsfoot's cousin, the so-called Winter Heliotrope, *Petasites fragrans*. This last is one of the most dangerous weeds that ever entered our gardens, yet it is sometimes sold by nurserymen as a garden plant. In earliest spring it studs the ground with 9-in. bottle-brushes of rather drab and dirty lilac blossoms, which smell pleasantly of heliotrope. At that time of year they are welcome for cutting for the house. Later come leaves, which almost rival rhubarb for size. The plant spreads rapidly and inexorably, and the roots go down beyond the most pitiless open-cast operations. Poison is the only remedy. A friend once showed me a paragraph in a book by some literary bloke. It was all about his garden. A new-found hobby, without a doubt. Winter Heliotrope had been "discovered" and planted, and was recommended. A sad case of the blind



A WEED WHICH CAN BEST BE DEALT WITH BY THE "DROWNING" PROCESS DESCRIBED BY MR. ELLIOTT ON THIS PAGE: THE LESSER BINDWEED, *Convolvulus arvensis*, HERE SEEN GROWING IN AN OAT FIELD.

found in the potting-shed. Think of the suspicions, enquiries and fussments that might ensue. The best and safest weed-killer is surely the non-poisonous sodium chlorate. It looks like salt, and is, in fact, very near salt in chemical composition; yet it is far more deadly to plant life. Dissolve it in water—according to the directions on the container—and water it on to a path in spring, when the weeds are in youngish, vigorous growth. No need to soak the ground. It is enough to moisten the leaves. Do this in dry weather and the path will remain weedless for twelve months. Ground which is foul with nettles, docks, bellbind and horseradish, etc., may be cleared with ease by watering once, or perhaps twice, with sodium chlorate. But the



SHOWING THE FLOWERS WHICH RESEMBLE LARGE YELLOW DAISIES: COLTSFOOT, *Tussilago farfara*, IN BLOOM DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF SPRING.

bellbind, and even horseradish, can be mastered by poisoning or drowning. The most infuriating weeds are those which seed freely and whose seeds remain in the ground for many years and are still able and ready to germinate. Such a plant is the golden-leaved feverfew, with its pungent-smelling leaves and heads of cheap daisy flowers. I found it in the last garden that I had. For twenty years I pulled it up at sight, and never once allowed it to flower, and still it came up as thick as ever. It was the first plant to greet me when I took over my present garden. I know of no remedy for such a plant, except starting young, and living exceptionally long.

ENDANGERED BY A RECENT THEFT OF ROOF LEAD:
THE SAXON PARISH CHURCH AT LITTLE MISSENDEN.



THE TOWER OF LITTLE MISSENDEN CHURCH: THE ORIGINAL SAXON FABRIC WAS COVERED AND THE STAIRCASE TOWER ADDED ABOUT 1445.

WHERE THIEVES STRIPPED A LARGE AREA OF THE ROOF: THE ANCIENT VILLAGE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AT LITTLE MISSENDEN.

THIEVES took advantage of a recent stormy night to steal nearly a ton of lead from the roof of the north aisle of the parish church of Little Missenden, in Buckinghamshire. The high price of lead has made this kind of theft common throughout the country. The theft occurred during a period of heavy rain and has thus already endangered the early murals, some of which were successfully uncovered only recently. The thieves succeeded in stripping nearly 400 square feet of roof and laid bare to the weather the whole of the north aisle so that damage to parts of the structure as well as to the murals is threatened by the lack of proper roof protection. Re-roofing with copper and making good the ancient timbers, which have perished, will cost at least £500. As the population of the parish is small, the necessary sum is likely to be beyond their means. Therefore, anyone willing to help is asked to send a donation to Miss Wilson, "Westbrook," Little Missenden, Amersham, Bucks. Cheques should be made payable to "Little Missenden Church Roof Appeal."



THE NAVE OF LITTLE MISSENDEN CHURCH, SHOWING (LEFT) A MEDIEVAL MURAL PAINTING OF THE GIANT ST. CHRISTOPHER BEARING ON HIS LEFT SHOULDER THE HOLY CHILD.



SHOWING SOME INTERESTING BRASS RUBBINGS AND OLD FLOOR TOMBS: THE VIEW FROM THE NORTH CHAPEL.



LOOKING ACROSS THE NAVE TO THE NORTH AISLE. RECENTLY NEARLY A TON OF LEAD WAS STOLEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE NORTH AISLE.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



KODIAKS AND OTHER BROWN BEARS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

MOST of us know the grizzly bear well enough by name, remembering it as a large, ferocious inhabitant of the Rocky Mountains, particularly troublesome to the pioneers of North America. Perhaps the dancing bear is more dim in our memories, for it ceased to appear in the streets of London, and elsewhere, a few years before the start of the First World War. Polar bears are, of course, very familiar to us. But what of the Kodiak bear? The birth of a cub to the Kodiak bear in the Whipsnade Zoo has, unfortunately for the publicity it might otherwise have received, coincided with the preparations for a General Election. In any case, to most people it is just another kind of bear, and a matter of no importance that it can equally correctly be called Kodiak or Kadiak.

Bears are found in Europe, Asia and America, there being none in Africa, although in the extreme north the brown bear was formerly living in the Atlas Mountains. Moreover, there are no bears in Australia. A brief synopsis of the bear family (*Ursidae*) would run as follows: Polar bears in the Arctic; brown bears in Europe, in Asia, except in approximately the southern third, and in the northerly half of North America; both brown and black bears are found in North America and black bears occur along the southern fringe of the brown bear's range in Asia, from Persia through the Himalayas and southern China to Japan. Then there are the honey bears, or sun bears, of Malaya, the sloth bear of India and Ceylon, and the spectacled bear of Colombia and Peru, in South America. The Kodiak bear belongs to the group of brown bears; but to enquire further into its exact relationship is to embark on a quest that can lead only to confusion. Nevertheless, to do so is to gain a fair insight into one of the newer trends in the science of zoology.

In former times, brown bears must have existed in considerable numbers throughout Europe, from Britain to the Urals, from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean (even across the sea to North Africa). In Asia, similar populations of the brown bear ranged from the Urals to Kamchatka, even to Japan, and as far south as Syria and the Himalayas. To-day their numbers are seriously reduced, though precisely how much reduced it is difficult to find out. Bears had disappeared from Britain by the eleventh century at the latest, and in Europe to-day they seem to be confined to the out-of-the-way forests. It is almost paradoxical that the bear, feeding on nothing more important than berries and fruit, honey, insects and other small animals, rarely living up to its carnivore affinities by attacking larger beasts, should have been so persecuted by man. Perhaps it was for its shaggy coat, perhaps for its flesh and, particularly, for its fat; or it may be that its temper is uncertain. The first two are the more likely, for it is generally agreed by zoological writers that its ferocity, even that of the grizzly, has been overdrawn. At all events, man pushed the bear out of his way in Europe; and the white man did the same thing in North America as he opened up that continent to civilisation. The result is that the brown bear has been everywhere pushed into virtual oblivion before the naturalist or the zoologist could make a real study of it. Certainly the little we know of the natural history of the brown bear is founded mainly on hunters' tales and has little scientific value.

The somewhat vague term "the brown bear" has been used so far advisedly, for its exact status in Europe and Asia has long been in doubt. There is, for example, the European brown bear (*Ursus arctos*), the somewhat smaller Syrian or Palestine brown bear (*U. syriacus*), the Blue or Snow bear (*U. pruinosus*) of Western China and Tibet, the red or

Isabellinus bear (*U. isabellini*) of Kashmir and the Western Himalayas, the even smaller Japanese bear (*U. yesoensis*), and so on. On the other hand, some authorities prefer to treat them as sub-species (or varieties) of a single species and speak of *U. arctos*

arctos (the typical form), *U. arctos syriacus*, *U. arctos yesoensis*, etc. Yet other authorities see one species only stretching across Europe and Asia, divided into a number of local races.

The same disagreement among the experts is seen in regard to the North American brown bears, the grizzly (*U. horribilis*), the Alaskan (*U. dalli*), the Kenai bear (*U. kenaiensis*), and the Kodiak (or Kadiak) (*U. middendorffi*). Merriam, an American zoologist, who made an intensive study of the grizzly bears of California, came to the conclusion that there were seven distinct species of grizzly bear in California alone. On the other hand, there is an increasing tendency to look upon the grizzly, the Alaskan, and the Kodiak bears as giant races, and no more, of the brown bear of Europe and Asia (*Ursus arctos*).

It is worth while quoting the words of Millais, written in 1904: "No terrestrial mammal varies so greatly, both in size and pelage, as this animal. Between Brown Bears killed in eastern Norway and those of western Sweden there is a perceptible difference in colour, whilst in the Bears of Russia, especially those of the eastern districts, there is a further and much greater difference in size. I have lately seen two immense Bears belonging to the Russian Embassy in London, which measure nearly nine feet in length and are almost black in colour. No naturalist could differentiate these from Californian Grizzlies, if we ignore the trifling difference of black instead of bone-coloured claws, which is said to be the distinguishing feature of the latter." And in recent years it has been shown that black and bone-coloured claws occur quite

indiscriminately in any group of bears! Millais continues: "In fur emporiums of Hudson Bay depôts, skins of adult bears of nearly every size from 6 to 11 feet, of every colour from jet black to silvery-grey white may be seen."

The modern trend in zoological thought, referred to at the beginning, can now be examined in the light of what has been said about the classification of the brown bears. There was a time when a lion was a lion, and no argument about it. There was a definite species, the lion (*Felis leo*). Then the zoologist got busy and discovered that, on the whole, the lions of South Africa were different from those of East Africa, and both differed from the Indian lion, but in the end all agreed that these were local differences and at best we were dealing with races of a single species, *Felis leo*, not with distinct species. More modern research has shown that, throughout the range of any species, there may be races, or even communities, which differ in small but perceptible differences in body size, colour and other details. Some of these can be correlated with climatic conditions, the kind of food eaten, or other external conditions. Others are suspected of being due to the more subtle hereditary mechanism. The differences between such local communities or races may even concern the behaviour of the animals, so that in slightly separated communities there may be differences in the time of breeding, in the behaviour of the young, the period of moulting and other obvious characteristics, as well as many less well marked. In other words, there is as much—or even more—difference between such groups as there is between the Welsh, the Scots and the English, and just as little reason for separating them into species.

On this basis, the more up-to-date zoologists recognise one species of brown bear, ranging across Europe, Asia and North America, with a number of races (sub-species or varieties, according to taste) known colloquially as Syrian bears, European bears, grizzlies or Kodiaks. In such a scheme, our friend the Kodiak is seen as a larger edition of the European brown bear, a local race of *Ursus arctos*, isolated on the island of Kodiak (or Kadiak), off Alaska.



BELIEVED BY SOME AUTHORITIES TO BE A GIANT RACE OF THE EUROPEAN BROWN BEAR: THE GRIZZLY-BEAR (*U. horribilis*), OF NORTH-WEST AMERICA, WHICH MAY REACH 8 FT. 6 INS. IN HEIGHT AND A WEIGHT OF 880 LB. Whereas the dimensions of the European brown bears are given as 6 ft. in length, on the average, and they weigh up to 450-550 lb., a Grizzly may go up to 8 ft. 6 ins. and 880 lb. The Kodiak bear reaches 9 ft. or more in height and 1650 lb. in weight. The Kodiak bear cub born recently at Whipsnade Zoo, died suddenly on Feb. 9.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE GRIZZLY-BEAR ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE: THE EUROPEAN BROWN BEAR (*Ursus arctos*), ONE RACE OF WHICH WAS ONCE COMMONLY EXHIBITED AS A "DANCING BEAR."

The European brown bear is found now in small numbers in the wilder parts of the Pyrenees, Carpathians, the Alps, Balkans, Scandinavia, Finland, and, more plentifully, Russia. Local forms are found in Siberia and Eastern Asia, even on Hokkaido, the northern island of Japan. One race of this bear, the Syrian bear, was once commonly led around on a chain by itinerant musicians and taught to "dance," to stand erect, and shuffle on its hind feet.

Photographs by Neave Parker.



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE GROWING FLEET OF THE BRITISH TANKER COMPANY: THE *BRITISH RELIANCE*, LOOKING AFT.

The *British Reliance*, the largest ship to have been yet completed by her builders, Sir James Laing and Sons, Ltd., at Sunderland, and also the largest so far finished on the Wear, underwent trials in the North Sea on February 7. She is the latest addition to the fleet of the British Tanker Company, the shipping organisation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and is extremely smart, with grey hull, white masts, and superstructure and funnel in the distinctive colours of the company—red, black, green and white. The *British Reliance*, of 16,000 tons

deadweight, showed her ability to maintain a service speed of nearly 14 knots during her trials. A considerable amount of welding has been employed in the ship. The propelling machinery consists of a Doxford six-cylinder opposed-piston reversible single-screw oil engine of 6400 brake horse-power. The cost of the vessel is estimated at not far short of £750,000. The *British Reliance* was expected to sail for Abadan, Persian Gulf, on February 13, under the command of Captain E. L. Miller, to load oil for a destination not yet determined at the time of writing.



NOW A FARM INSTITUTE: KINGSTON MUARWARD HOUSE, DORSET, FORMERLY THE HOME OF THE HANBURY—THE LAST OCCUPANT BEING THE LATE SIR CECIL HANBURY—WHICH HAS NOW BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL.



NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST: POLESDEN LACEY, NEAR DORKING, SURREY, WHICH WAS ACQUIRED IN 1946, WITH AN ENDOWMENT, UNDER THE WILL OF THE HON. MRS. RONALD GREVILLE.



NOW THE PROPERTY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND LET PRIVATELY: WROXTON ABBEY, NEAR BANBURY, A TUDOR MANSION ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF AN AUGUSTINIAN PRIORY. THE UPPER FLOORS ARE NOW FLATS.

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
In the years since the centenary, in 1935, of the death of Felicia Dorothea Hemans how much England has changed! During the last two decades, and particularly since the war, more and more of the stately ancestral homes, once the pride of this country and generally acknowledged as excelling, in splendour

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH. . .": SOME OF THE STATELY



NOW THE PROPERTY OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: MADINGLEY HALL, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED, TOGETHER WITH THE SMALL VILLAGE AND 1200 ACRES, THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH THE HALL WILL BE USED IS NOT YET KNOWN.



NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE LOCAL URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL: BRAMALL HALL, CHESHIRE, WHICH WAS FOR CENTURIES THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORT FAMILY. IT IS AN ELABORATE HALF-TIMBERED TUDOR MANOR OF 1590-1600.



USED BY THE EAST MALLING RESEARCH STATION FOR HORTICULTURAL EXPERIMENTS: BRADBOURNE, EAST MALLING, KENT. GIVEN OVER THE HOUSE AND LAND WERE GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST IN 1941.

and quality, those in any other country, have passed out of their owners' hands. Some of these houses, owned for centuries by successive generations of one family, have been bequeathed or presented to the National Trust. Others have been sold privately. The reasons for this sad transition are only too well known: they arise from high taxation, particularly the crippling death duties, the rise in the cost of living and the lack of domestic help. Apart from this, many of the old

HOMES OF ENGLAND THAT HAVE PASSED TO OTHER HANDS.



LEASED TO STOCKPORT CORPORATION: LYME PARK, CHESHIRE, THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST, TO WHICH IT WAS PRESENTED IN 1947 BY LORD NEWTON, WHOSE ANCESTORS, THE LEGH FAMILY, HAD THE PROPERTY FOR 600 YEARS.



LEASED TO THE YOUTH HOSTELS ASSOCIATION: WILDERHOPE MANOR, SHROPSHIRE, WHICH WAS GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST IN 1936 BY THE W. A. CADBURY TRUST. IT WAS BUILT OF LIMESTONE ABOUT 1586, AND HAS REMAINED UNALTERED SINCE.



USED AS A HOLIDAY HOME BY THE Y.M.C.A.: DINTON PARK HOUSE, WILTSHIRE, AT ONE TIME IN THE POSSESSION OF THE WYDEHAM FAMILY AND NOW A NATIONAL TRUST PROPERTY. IT WAS BUILT IN 1815 BY JEFFREY WYATT IN THE NEO-CLASSIC STYLE.

houses are lacking in modern amenities and labour-saving devices, and abound in every kind of discomfort. The private market for these many-roomed houses has long since vanished, and it is not unusual to find one of these old mansions in the hands of the demolition squad before the interested societies have had the opportunity of taking steps to preserve it. We show on these pages some examples of fine old houses which, although they have ceased to serve the



USED BY THE CENTRAL COUNCIL OF PHYSICAL RECREATION SINCE 1946: BISHAM ABBEY, NEAR MARLOW. THE HOUSE, MOSTLY OF THE TUDOR PERIOD, SUCCEEDED AN OLDER FOUNDATION, AND HAS BEEN OWNED BY A NUMBER OF NOTABLE FAMILIES.



CLAIMED AS THE FIRST BOARDING SCHOOL TO BE RUN BY A COUNTY COUNCIL: OTTERSASH COURT, NEAR CHERTSEY, SURREY, IN WHICH THERE ARE NOW SEVENTY RESIDENT PUPILS. IT WAS OPENED IN 1945.



NOW A GIRLS' SCHOOL: HANFORD HOUSE, NEAR GREAT MISSENDEN, WHICH WAS FORMERLY THE HOME OF THE HANFORD FAMILY. THE GARDEN COURT IS THE OLDEST PART OF THE HOUSE AND FACES SOUTH.

purpose for which they were built, and which they fulfilled in more prosperous days, have now been adapted for other uses or preserved for the nation by the National Trust. Time marches on, and the old order changes and, perhaps to-day, Mrs. Hemans would use other words to describe the homes of England, in the same way that Mr. Churchill has suggested changing those of "Home, Sweet Home" to "Accommodation unit, Sweet accommodation unit. . ."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

ANIMALS IN MINIATURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I AM one of those people who derive much satisfaction—combined, I trust, with instruction and edification—when some piece of sculpture becomes the subject of heated public controversy. I don't think that this is really because I take a perverse pleasure in the spectacle of others quarrelling, but because the various points of view which find expression on such rare occasions are genuinely interesting and revealing, and because I consider it a good thing that the community at large should indulge in active criticism of what it is compelled to look at instead of tamely accepting what Authority says it ought to like. I call to mind especially two such circumstances. First, there was the tremendous fuss about the memorial to W. H. Hudson in Kensington Gardens, when Epstein's conception of the wood-nymph Rima did not meet with universal approval and earnest gentlemen became eloquent over an alleged insult to the sacred name of womanhood, and so forth. The second was the no less noisy hullabaloo about the essential horsiness or otherwise of the Hardiman equestrian statue of Lord Haig in Whitehall, when that half of the

concerned here with small objects, any one of which I should very much like to have on my writing-table, but which are just as much sculpture as the most massive public monument and consequently have to conform to just the same limitations which are imposed upon them by the nature of the material of which they are made. There is a popular delusion that if a bronze is only a few inches in length, it is merely an ornament: if it is 20 ft. long and weighs two tons it is sculpture. This is rank heresy;

not very well versed in the ways of the world, and not very well bred by Western standards. The carver was perhaps a little uncertain about the forelegs. I suggest he was not at all doubtful about the head, which he has deliberately enlarged in order to emphasise the creature's air of surprised innocence. The Chinese have a remarkable talent for playfulness when they attempt small objects of this kind and this little animal—he is 13 ins. long—is a typical example. In Fig. 3—eighteenth century, only 3½ ins. long and carved in bamboo—the same

gifted nation has produced a ram which is uncommonly well observed—note the way in which it rises on the off-foreleg—and at the same time possesses an almost hieratic dignity. This miniature *tour-de-force* may well be intended to have a religious significance and would, in any case, be a reminder that the ram, as well as being one of the Zodiacal animals, was connected with sacrifices to the sun. Rams occasionally appear in jade carvings—usually as a group of three—the largest one with clouds issuing from its mouth on which rests the disc of the sun.

With Fig. 4 we are a long way back in time, and several thousand miles westwards. Bronze, 4 ins. in length, and Greek of the fifth-fourth centuries B.C. It has been known to collectors for a long time, having once belonged to J. P. Heseltine and then to George Eumorfopoulos. Tradition says it was found in the ruins of the Palace of Darius, at Susa. I suggest it is not merely a model



FIG. 1. "BY THE RENAISSANCE OUT OF ANCIENT GREECE": AN ITALIAN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE HORSE. This bronze horse, 9½ ins. long, with raised off-foreleg, tail and forelock dressed, the mane hogged and wearing a collar is, "though small, a thing of power and monumental dignity."

By Courtesy of Sothebys.



FIG. 2. "AN ENGAGING ANIMAL, NOT QUITE GROWN UP": A CHINESE HORSE OF WOOD LACQUERED A DARK BROWN; MING DYNASTY (1368-1644).

"The Chinese," writes Frank Davis, "have a remarkable talent for playfulness when they attempt small objects of this kind, and this little animal—he is 13 ins. long—is a typical example."

By Courtesy of Spink and Son.



FIG. 3. A MINIATURE *tour-de-force*: A RAM IN CARVED BAMBOO; CHINESE; EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

This miniature ram, only 3½ ins. long, and carved in bamboo, is "uncommonly well observed" . . . and at the same time possesses an almost hieratic dignity." [By Courtesy of Spink and Son.]

nation which remained calm about the shape proper to women rushed into the fray in defence of well-bred hunters, and we all learnt a great deal about the anatomy of the horse. I had the impression that the more fervent critics would have much preferred a stuffed woman in the first case and a stuffed horse in the second, and, as that was clearly impracticable for several reasons, were willing to compromise on something neat and wholesome from Madame Tussaud's. The point is—and I am really quite serious in all this—that once you decide to put up something in stone or bronze, you cannot, however much you try, produce a sort of solid photograph in three dimensions: what the sculptor has to do is to translate flesh and blood and bone into stoniness or bronziness, or woodiness; he can indicate the subtleties of an animal's skin, for example, but he cannot reproduce it—his material forbids that absolutely. In a public monument there are other considerations as well—the relationship of his sculpture to its surroundings, its exact place in an architectural scheme, and so on. But though the game of wandering about London or any other capital city and casting a critical eye upon its monuments is worth anybody's time and trouble, I am

each acquires whatever virtue it may possess by reason of its sculptural qualities and one cannot possibly apply any other criterion. Once we admit—as surely we must—that it is not the business of the sculptor to produce an exact imitation of his model but, by the elimination of non-essentials, to translate the idea of the living creature into whatever intractable material he is working upon, we are well on the way to an understanding of his special difficulties; what is more, if we detect—or think we detect—what appears to be some slight distortion, instead of writing him off as unobservant or perverse or impertinent, we shall look further and endeavour to appreciate his aims. We may find that what at first sight seems incorrect anatomically, is actually a deliberate device either to accentuate a particular characteristic of the subject or to give to the figure a special quality. Consider now these five illustrations. Two are of bronze, two are of wood, the fifth of jade: the largest is 13 ins. in length. Fig. 1 is a bronze horse, 9½ ins. long, with raised off-foreleg, tail and forelock dressed, the mane hogged and wearing a collar. Italian sixteenth century, by the Renaissance out of Ancient Greece; though so small, a thing of power and monumental dignity. Do you agree? The answer is yes. Now Fig. 2. Date about the same, but a different world, different conception and a different material. Ming Dynasty, Chinese, and wood lacquered a dark brown. An engaging animal, not quite grown up, I should say,



FIG. 4. TRADITIONALLY BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE PALACE OF DARIUS, AT SUSIA: A BRONZE LION; GREEK, FIFTH-FOURTH CENTURIES B.C.

This piece has been known to collectors for a long time, having once belonged to J. P. Heseltine and then to the late George Eumorfopoulos.

By Courtesy of Sothebys.

of a walking, snarling lion, but a noble hymn to the fierce beauty of fur and muscle in miniature. The anatomist will perhaps shake his head and remark that the hind-legs are over-emphasised—and he will be justified, provided he will admit that this was done deliberately in order to draw attention to the power of the beast and its forward movement. Note that the mane is severely conventional.

Finally, in Fig. 5, we have finished with dynamic movement. Material, a grey-green jade, with dark markings on the back and quarters; length, 12 ins. Country, China; period, Ming (A.D. 1368-1644). This water-buffalo seems to me a most impressive piece of work, extremely simple; the very epitome of massive somnolence. Hair is indicated in very summary fashion by means of long lines on the tail, horns and ears and neck—that is all. One or two other similar examples are known. Visitors to the Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House in 1935 will perhaps remember one there lent by the late Oscar Raphael which is now to be seen in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. There, then, are five pieces—differing in age, in material, in conception and in aim, yet willy-nilly bound together by laws which are inexorable. There is no escape, and art is one and indivisible.

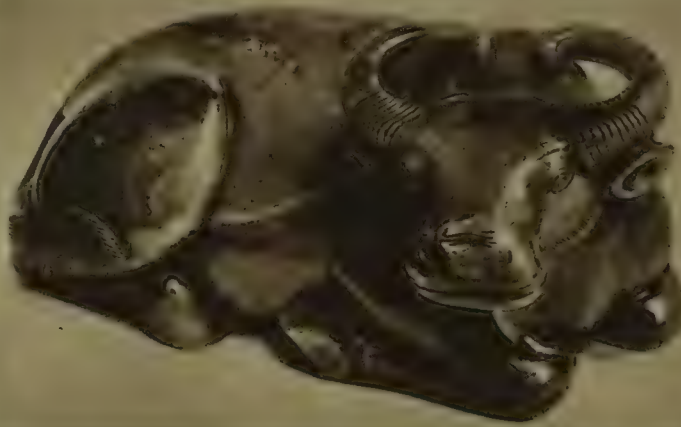


FIG. 5. "THE VERY EPITOME OF MASSIVE SOMNOLENCE": A GREY-GREEN JADE RECUMBENT WATER-BUFFALO; CHINESE, MING DYNASTY (1368-1644).

This impressive water-buffalo is 12 ins. in length and carved out in grey-green jade with dark markings on the back and quarters. Hair is indicated by means of long lines on the tail, horns and ears and neck. [By Courtesy of Sothebys.]

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL RE-UNION: THE ROMANCE OF THE INGYLTON TOMB.

A BELATED REPARATION TO A 15TH-CENTURY CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

By E. CLIVE ROUSE, F.S.A.

THE small and secluded church of Thornton, near Buckingham, has recently been the scene of a remarkable archæological re-union, if one may so term it. The top and bottom of the Ingylton tomb are now together once more, the bottom having been cut up and lost for over 150 years. The chancel of this church had become dilapidated in the eighteenth century; and about 1780 or 1790 it

[Continued on left.]



FIG. 1. ONE SIDE OF THE INGYLTON TOMB, AS IT WAS FOUND IN THE RUINED GROTTA AT THORNTON COLLEGE, BUCKS.



FIG. 2. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TOMB. THE ANGELS ARE CARRYING THE ARMORIAL SHIELDS OF ROBERT INGYLTON AND HIS ALLIANCES.

[Continued.] was pulled down, and almost all the splendid series of monuments it contained were thrown out and broken up. A few oddments were kept. Among them was the great slab containing the brass of Robert Ingylton, which was placed in the floor of the present sanctuary (formerly the east bay of the nave). Ingylton was Chancellor of the Exchequer to Edward IV., and died in 1472. He is represented with his three wives—Margaret Dymoke, Clemens Beaumont and Isabel Cantilupe—with their six sons and ten daughters, under a quadruple canopy, of which there is only one other in England, at Char-

welton, Northants (Fig. 6). Recently a local rumour that part of the destroyed chancel was built into a summerhouse in the grounds of Thornton College was investigated. And there, built into a decaying and semi-ruinous grotto, buried in a veritable thicket in a remote corner of the grounds, was a superb fifteenth-century stone altar tomb, cut up into six pieces and distributed about the sides and ends of the chamber (Figs. 1 to 4). When I first saw the grotto, the roof had collapsed, the windows were broken, and the door off its hinges: and a robin had built its nest behind the head of one of the shield-bearing angels. The carved stonework was suffering from damp and exposure. The researches of Mr. Greening Lamborn and others established beyond doubt that this was none other than the altar tomb of Robert Ingylton, on which the slab with its brasses had

[Continued below.]

Browne Willis the antiquary's description of it before it was cast out of the chancel. The Reverend Mother of Thornton College Convent School most generously agreed to give up the fragments: and through the interest of the Buckinghamshire Archæological Society and the Society of Antiquaries, funds were raised to restore the tomb. It was carefully removed, piece by piece, from the crumbling grotto, and painstakingly reassembled in the church, remarkably little being missing. Finally, the slab with Robert Ingylton's brass was excavated from the floor and replaced on the

top of the tomb after a lapse of some 160 years (Figs. 5 and 7). It was found that the tomb had originally been made in separate pieces, all numbered for assembly. And it was clearly a mediæval mass-produced article, one workman producing the plinth mouldings, another the simple buttresses at so much a foot run. The master-mason doubtless carved the figures and the delicate canopy-work, with its finials and crockets. The Saints at the east and west ends of the tomb can be identified by their emblems as St. Peter, St. Margaret, St. Catherine and perhaps St. Bartholomew (Figs. 3 and 4.)

Robert Ingylton having had three wives, it took eighteen angels to hold all the shields to display his various family arms and alliances! The slab with the brasses is of grey marble, probably Purbeck, and measures 7 ft. 6 ins. by 3 ft., and is 5 ins. thick. It weighed over half a ton, and required delicate manœuvring to get it into place—but it fitted precisely.

[Continued below.]



FIGS. 3 AND 4. THE TWO ENDS OF THE INGYLTON TOMB, EACH BISECTED AND MOUNTED TO FLANK A GROTTA WINDOW. (LEFT) TWO ANGELS WITH ST. PETER AND ST. CATHERINE; AND (RIGHT) ANGELS WITH ST. MARGARET AND (PERHAPS) ST. BARTHOLOMEW.



FIG. 6. A RUBBING OF THE INGYLTON BRASS, SHOWING ROBERT INGYLTON, HIS THREE WIVES AND THEIR SIXTEEN CHILDREN—TEN DAUGHTERS, SIX SONS—GROUPED UNDER THE APPROPRIATE MOTHERS.



FIG. 5. THE COMPONENTS OF THE ALTAR TOMB REASSEMBLED IN THORNTON CHURCH AND CAPPED, AS THEY ORIGINALLY WERE, WITH THE FOUR-CANOPIED INGYLTON BRASS



FIG. 7. RE-ERECTED IN THE CHURCH IT ORIGINALLY ADORNED: THE 15TH-CENTURY TOMB OF ROBERT INGYLTON, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER TO EDWARD IV., AND HIS THREE WIVES.

[Continued.] originally rested. The seven angels each side, and the two angels and two saints at each end tallied with a description of the tomb as it once was; but what put the matter beyond question was that some of the original painting survived; and several of the charges on the shields could be identified from

[Continued above, right.]

The rubbing of the Ingylton brass is reproduced by courtesy of the Buckinghamshire Archæological Society from "Records of Buckinghamshire"—Vol. VII., No. 1.

A FIND OF GREAT ARCHÆOLOGICAL INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE:

UNIQUE STATUES OF THE IRON AGE DISCOVERED AT AMMAN.



FIGS. 1 AND 2. A STATUE IN HARD STONE, PROFILE (FIG. 1) AND FULL FACE (FIG. 2). OWING TO THE NATURE OF THE MATERIAL, NO DETAIL IS SHOWN. THE CURIOUS ANGLE OF THE BODY IN RELATION TO THE BASE SHOULD BE NOTED.



FIG. 5. THE BROKEN TORSO OF AN ALMOST LIFE-SIZE LIMESTONE FIGURE. THE HEAD WAS MADE SEPARATELY AND INSERTED INTO THE SPACE CUT OUT BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS.

The stone statues illustrated on these pages are the latest finds to be made by Mr. G. Lankester Harding, Chief Curator of Antiquities, the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, at Amman. He states that they are the first things of the kind which he and his colleagues have seen as yet; and sends the following description of these unique objects. It will be remembered that in our issue of September 3, 1949, we published an article on the *Seals of Adoni-Nur* by Mr. G. Lankester Harding, and that he also contributed to our number of October 1, 1949, an account of the early Biblical scrolls which were found in a cave near the Dead Sea by goat-herds.

THE four objects illustrated here were found by a householder removing soil from the courtyard of his house, which is situated a short distance outside the city walls at the north end of the Amman Citadel. They

(Continued above.)



FIG. 6. HEAD OF A SMALL LIMESTONE FIGURE, WITH A VERY LONG, SHARPLY-POINTED BEARD.

Continued.] were less than a metre (i.e. 3.28 ft.) below the present ground-level, and it is remarkable that two of them have survived in such perfect condition. It is impossible now to make any suggestions as to the significance of the group in such a place, as the man unfortunately completed his work of clearance down to bed-rock before bringing his finds to the Department of Antiquities, thus destroying any archaeological evidence that may have existed, and making the question of exact dating very difficult. The importance and interest of the find lies in the fact that apart from two detached heads (one in the British Museum), this is the first native sculpture in the round of early periods yet found in Jordan or Palestine. The interest is further enhanced by the fact that the smaller of the complete figures has an inscription (Figs. 7 and 8)—so far untranslatable—on its plinth. The group consists of two complete figures and the head and torso of two others. The limestone torso (Fig. 5), though terribly damaged, is interesting in that it is part of a composite statue, the head having been made separately and inserted by the neck into a place cut out to receive it. In the scale pattern adorning the dress each alternate scale still retains its red paint; there is a faint suggestion that the others were black or dark blue. This figure must have been almost life-size when complete. The limestone head (Fig. 6) comes from a figure intermediate in size between Figs. 2 and 3: it is broken off at the base of the neck. The beard is curiously pointed, and the treatment of the hair very rough. Like that in Figs. 3 and 4, it originally had inlaid eyes: no trace of these remains in the sockets, but the drill-hole in the centre suggests metal.

(Continued below, right.)



FIG. 3. PROFILE OF A SMALL STATUE IN SOFT LIMESTONE (SHOWN FULL FACE IN FIG. 4): THE CURIOUS TREATMENT OF THE HAIR, OR WIG, BOUND BY A FILET, SHOULD BE NOTED.

Continued.] most probably bronze and stone or shell. The little limestone figure (Figs. 3 and 4) has most detailed work: the folds of the dress, the tassels, hair cuts, fillet and lotus all being clearly indicated, though the workmanship in general is rough. The dress is substantially the same as that of the torso and Figs. 2 and 3. The figure stands with left foot forward, right arm straight down at the side, and the left arm bent at the elbow across the chest: the left hand holds a long-stemmed lotus blossom, an Egyptian symbol. The plinth is very uneven on the base, and must, when the figure was free standing, have been set in plaster. The limestone is very soft, the figure, and particularly the inscription, having suffered badly from rubbing. Clear traces of red paint are still found on many parts of both the dress and flesh. Most letters of the inscription are clear (Figs. 7 and 8), though the dressing of the stone on which it was cut was done very roughly, and some of the heavily-scored lines are apt to be confused with the letters. The forms of these are strongly reminiscent of the great *Stela* of King Mesha of Moab, which dates to about 850 B.C. The fourth is the largest complete figure, being nearly 80 cms. (31½ ins.) high (Figs. 1 and 2), and is made of a hard grey stone; not basalt, as it contains a small shell. The dress is the same as that of Figs. 3 and 4, but the figure wears a pseudo-Egyptian crown and the treatment of the beard is quite different from that of the others. The arms are in the same position as that shown in Figs. 3 and 4, but the feet are together. The squat effect of these two figures is reminiscent of Mesopotamian work, as is also the dress, but the combination of Egyptian motifs in the lotus and crown indicate that the

(Continued above.)

Continued.] workmanship is local. The hardness of the stone has prevented the artist from showing any details. The problem of dating these interesting pieces is a difficult one, but the inscription on Fig. 3 cannot be much earlier than the ninth century B.C. This figure has a superficial resemblance to a figure on the *Balus Jada*, found some years ago at Balua, in Moab, dating to the thirteenth century B.C., but it is only superficial and means nothing for dating purposes. Figs. 3, 5 and 6 are certainly contemporary, so it seems probable that Fig. 1 is also, and the whole group dates to the ninth century B.C. As to what the figures represent—deity, king or priest—it is not at present possible to guess. Considerable search will have to be made for possible parallels before an answer can be suggested to this question. [Photographs by R. Richmond Brown.]



FIG. 4. FRONT VIEW OF THE SMALL, SOFT LIMESTONE STATUE SHOWN IN PROFILE IN FIG. 3. THE SQUARE BASE BEARS AN INSCRIPTION ON THE FRONT (SEE FIGS. 7 AND 8). THE WORKMANSHIP IS DETAILLED, THOUGH ROUGH, AND TRACES OF PAINT REMAIN.



FIGS. 7 AND 8. THE INSCRIPTION (ACCHILLE SIZE) ON THE BASE OF THE LIMESTONE STATUE ILLUSTRATED IN FIGS. 3 AND 4 AND A CLEAR COPY (RIGHT). THOUGH THE LETTERS ARE CLEAR INDIVIDUALLY, IT IS DIFFICULT TO SUGGEST HOW THEY SHOULD BE DIVIDED UP INTO WORDS.

The World of the Cinema.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

By ALAN DENT.

AN eminently trustworthy authority tells me that there is now a distinct and growing market for foreign films in the English provincial cities. At Birmingham, Bristol and Nottingham, at Brighton, Southend and Derby, specialised cinemas have been opened during the past twelve months, in addition to the very few established in other places before the war. And many individual exhibitors, naturally unwilling to give their cinemas over completely to foreign productions, have been encouraged by their audiences to book individual films in increasing numbers. I have myself noticed in the course of

a fairly easy film to sub-title. It has many silences—broken, when they are broken at all, by the noise of goat-bells or by the babble of a town in the background. And it has very little conversation, since almost all the talk comes from the splendid, voluble Magnani as a peasant-woman or goatherdess.

The plot of this short film can be described in

earth as well as the poetry, of earth. She pushes naturalism to excess—almost as much as her great and more spiritual countrywoman, Eleanora Duse, was said to do. Indeed, more than once in the course of "The Miracle" I was reminded not so much of Duse as of an observation once made about her by General von Pokay who preferred Bernhardt and refused a ticket to a Duse performance in Buda-Pesth.

When it was pointed out to the General that the Italian actress's naturalism lifted her above all competition, he relapsed into Pressburg dialect and said with a snort: "Wann i Natur sehen will geh ich in mei Kuchel und schau mir mei Kechin an!" Passable sub-titler's English for this would be: "When I want to see naturalness I'll go into the kitchen and look at my cook!"

An English exercise in the Continental manner, "Golden Salamander," at the Leicester Square, is a nearly very good but never quite breath-taking film directed by Ronald Neame. This has many of the components of an exciting film, but somehow they never quite add up to one. The locale is Tunis, genuine Tunis—a land as inextricably associated in the public mind with dates as Portugal is with port, or Turkey with delight. Mr. Neame at least disabuses us about the dates. Tunis is a land where it rains, as one has seen it rain only in French films. And hither comes David Redfern (as English as Trevor Howard can make him) to supervise the return to England of a collection of valuable antiques salvaged from a mined ship during the war. The antiques are in the cellars of a rich Levantine (as sinister as Walter Rilla can make him). And Redfern discovers that what seemed a straightforward job has suddenly become tortuous and intricate—first, because he has accidentally discovered a system of gun-running in active process and progress; and second, because he

has fallen in love with his youthful hotel-proprietress (as ravishing as the latest thing in French actresses, Mlle. Anouk, can make her).

The eponymous salamander is one of the salvaged



A FILM WHICH MAY BE TAKEN EITHER "AS AN ANECDOTE OR AS A PARABLE IN RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM": "THE MIRACLE," SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH THE VILLAGERS PRETEND TO BELIEVE THAT NANNINA (ANNA MAGNANI) IS "BLESSED AMONG WOMEN," AND THAT THEY ARE OVERCOME BY HER PRESENCE AMONG THEM.



A FILM CLIMAX WHICH IS KEPT "EVER TRAGIC AND ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF CRUDENESS": NANNINA (ANNA MAGNANI) IN A SCENE FROM "THE MIRACLE," FINDS HER WAY UP THE MOUNTAINS TO A LONELY CHURCH AS THE HOUR OF HER LABOUR APPROACHES.

rural peregrinations that foreign films with a universal appeal like "Monsieur Vincent" and "Angelina" and "Four Steps in the Clouds" have been on view in towns as small as Chippenham in Wilts and Chesham in Bucks, and as a rule the managements concerned have not been discouraged to continue in the policy.

Economics in general—and film economics in particular—is a subject beyond my ken or comprehension. But I understand—or am given to understand—that "there are, for reasons of international finance, several advantages in opening our cinema doors as wide to the Continentals as to the Americans." And it is almost superfluous to add that, artistically, there is gold in the films themselves. I have repeatedly on this page protested that a film is not necessarily a masterpiece because it was made in Sicily and not in Sidcup or Slough. But it remains an incontrovertible fact that, if we were to compare and collect the best and least biased expert judgments on the best dozen films that have appeared since the end of the war, there would be a consensus to show that eight, and possibly even more than eight, out of the dozen would be Continental rather than British or American. Whether or not one wishes this to be so, it is so.

One should, then, give credit and honour to provincial audiences for demanding films though they be acted in languages which those audiences do not even pretend to understand; and one should congratulate the exhibitors on meeting those demands. What can be done to encourage this development in taste, over and above recommending the best new Continentals as they come along? First and last, there is room for improvement—nay, a whole clearing-house full of rooms for improvement—in the matter of providing adequate sub-titles in English at the base of the screen. Superior persons who are well versed, not only in French, German and Italian, but also in Russian, Danish, Spanish, Czech, Persian, Urdu, Esperanto and Volapuk, regard these English sub-titles as a distraction and a nuisance. But less superior persons, including the generality of us critics, see in them a surmountable distraction and a necessary nuisance.

The English sub-titling of "The Miracle" at the Academy Cinema—Roberto Rossellini's new film with Anna Magnani—is by way of being an unassuming model of how the process should be done. In short: (a) it gives the essence of what is being said; and (b) it gives this essence in good, clear, and not over-bald English. But, admittedly, this was

a sentence or two. The peasant woman, who has dedicated herself to St. Joseph, thinks she recognises that saint in a tramp who meets her in the mountains. In a mood of religious ecstasy she yields to him. When she becomes pregnant the people of her town sneer and jeer at her as a half-wit. Finally she finds her way to a lonely church in the mountains and, unaided, gives birth to her baby in the church-porch. One may take this either as an anecdote or as a parable in religious mysticism. The onlooker's reaction will entirely depend upon his or her holding in these matters. But the film interests me, personally, most of all as an illustration (1) of Rossellini's skill as a director, and (2) of Magnani's power as an actress. The atmosphere of the Southern Italian steep countryside and of the little town in its midst is hauntingly conveyed by the camera and by the skilful use of torrid silences and distant murmurs or hubbubs; and the director's narrative impetus has the proper inevitability. There is a scene very similar to the climax of this film in Thomas Hardy's novel "Far from the Madding Crowd." But could one trust any English director to depict Fanny Robin's agonised long journey to the Union Hospital and keep it ever tragic and on the right side of crudeness? One would defy even Carol Reed to do so—or, better, dare him to do so (in case the project appeals to him).

The art of Magnani is a respite from glamour. She is vital, burning, possessed, and full of the fun of



"A NEARLY VERY GOOD BUT NEVER QUITE BREATH-TAKING FILM": "GOLDEN SALAMANDER" (GENERAL FILM DISTRIBUTORS, LTD.), SHOWING ANNA (ANOUK) AND DAVID (TREVOR HOWARD) IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM WHICH IS DIRECTED BY RONALD NEAME. THE LOCALE OF THE FILM IS TUNIS.

antiques, which has at its base a Greek inscription to the effect that: "Not by ignoring evil does one overcome it, but by going to meet it." Mr. Howard certainly goes to meet Tunisian evil with chin up and stiff upper lip—in the very best English public-school tradition. He also does an immense amount of running about with Mlle. Anouk—first, down to the beach to bathe (a scene without which no English film about Englishmen abroad could possibly be complete), and later, in escape from a desperate gunman who has somehow or other involved them both in the chase of a wild boar. I am wrong if I have made all this sound more thrilling than in actuality it is. But I should also be wrong if I omitted to say that the acting is better than the story and that the setting is rather more picturesque and enthralling.

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HOW A PATIENT IN AN IRON LUNG CAN READ: AN ELECTRIC PAGE-TURNER AND MICRO-FILM PROJECTOR TO REFLECT A PAGE OF THE BOOK ON TO THE CEILING.



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AN INDICATION OF THE PRESENCE OF A WRECKED ROMAN CARGO VESSEL: AN AMPHORA BROUGHT UP BY DIVERS. Attempts to raise the wreck of a Roman cargo ship believed to lie some 160 ft. down in the Gulf of Genoa, off Albengo, an Italian Riviera port, are being made by the specially equipped *Artiglio*. Roman amphorae brought up by fishermen's nets indicated the presence of the ship, and divers have found three rows of them half-buried in sand.



RE-ENACTED IN HONOUR OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF WILLIAM HENRY FOX-TALBOT: THE SCENE OF HIS FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP AT LACOCK ABBEY.



TO BE ROCKETED INTO THE AIR TO MEASURE RADIATION AND TEMPERATURES MANY MILES ABOVE THE EARTH: A HIGH-ALTITUDE "THERMOMETER" BEING ASSEMBLED. A research design engineer at Illinois, U.S.A., is shown assembling a high-altitude "thermometer" which, it is reported, will be sent into the air 80 miles up by rocket in an attempt to measure and record radiation and temperature at great heights above the earth.

In our last issue we published photographs of Lacock Abbey, home of W. H. Fox-Talbot, the Englishman who discovered the principles of photography, and gave an account of his work. Celebrations took place on February 11 in honour of his 150th anniversary, and reconstructions of the taking of his first photographs were arranged outside the cloister door of Lacock Abbey. The President of the Royal Photographic Society and other leading photographers took part.

(RIGHT.) RESPONDING WELL TO MODERN SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL ATTENTION: MEG AND GEORGE, CONVALESCENT YOUNG CHIMPANZEES AT CHESTER ZOO, AND THEIR "NURSE."

Two young chimpanzees, Meg and George, fell ill on arrival at Chester Zoo from Sierra Leone. The daughter of the Superintendent has nursed them and they are now convalescent. Treatment included special heating and a diet of orange juice and brandy.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NEVER have public themes and world events been so obtrusive in fiction as they are now. Nor is the reader morally free to have had enough of them. We are not even supposed to want a day off, and a historical novel will be recommended by the judicious publisher as in reality a tract for the times. Yet are the times any better? Are their exponents doing a public service—or cashing in? In the end, such peevish questions are forced on one by such a barrage of public spirit. This week it has produced another mammoth war story, and a more modest picture of conditions in a Soviet factory. From both of them I fled into "The Winnowing Years," by N. Brysson Morrison (Hogarth Press; 9s. 6d.), which has no pretensions but to art. Its inspiration is the manse at Drumban, a primitive and lonely village near Glasgow.

We see it first in Covenanted times—because one has to start somewhere. But really there is no beginning, and the darkness of this first scene is rooted in a deeper darkness older than memory. The house was there long before the Bowmans, and the very ground beneath it has been sacred to who knows what. In his place and time, the minister, for all his dourness, is a light-bearer; but there are patches of survival he cannot reach. The densest is the moorland farm of Whaup Law, which has been allowed to swallow up his third daughter, Marion. His son-in-law, Bartilimo, black and massive, "like something that has come in through the north door of the kirk," is no Christian soul; but yet he gladly shelters the hunted minister, whom he regards as "chancy." And when the soldiers come, and Whaup Law farm is burnt to the ground, he wanders up and down the country, a crack-brained vagrant, searching for his lost "luck."

Mr. Bowman's quarter-century of exile goes like a dream, and the hanging of his eldest son leaves no story. And the years pass; and when the curtain next goes up, there is a great lightening. Mr. Pollock's fiery young daughter, panting for enlargement at the turn of the eighteenth century, is a very different creature from the young Bowmans. The church, and presently the manse is rebuilt; the ancient powers have lost their name—but still they lurk in the earth, and Mr. Kuld, a bachelor and gentleman, breaks his heart over them. After a year of blank defeat, he scores one small triumph; his own grave is the first upon the north side. And again the palimpsest is written over; in the new century the minister, although he tries, can make nothing of it. But still the church and manse are in their old places, and still the churchyard has the greenest grass in Drumban.

Nothing in the book is more remarkable than its gift of silence, and its freedom from melancholy. The episodes are full of ardent, enchanting young people, the sons and daughters of the manse; they are gone to-morrow, yet the freshness is never tarnished. We feel that time, here, is not the enemy, it is the medium of life.

After this work of pure imagination, "The Crusaders," by Stefan Heym (Cassell; 15s.), has a constricting effect. Not, certainly, for want of bulk; it comes from America, though the writer is a German exile. He has used his own experience of "psychological warfare" both as a framework and a theme. What is the Allied crusade? How can one explain it to the Germans—and who are fighting it? To men like Yates, the ex-schoolmaster, and Sergeant Bing, the ex-German, these questions must occur with peculiar force. For it is their job to compose the leaflets, talk over the loud-speakers, and in general promote desertion. Are they speaking the truth? They do believe in the crusade, and they believe in soldiers like Captain Troy. But Troy seems far less likely to win the peace than Dondolo the bully, Loomis the sensual slug, and Major Willoughby the grafter. Those are the happy warriors; nobody can touch them, or, at worst, they are kicked upstairs. So it has gone on, right through the Battle of the Bulge to the final victory. At Kremen, under Farrish the "soldiers' general," they are still on top, and quietly fraternising with the top Nazis. Their feudal lord has no suspicion of it; he is no grafter, only a histrionic Rupert with a swelled head. But he is easy to keep in blinkers, and too vain to be the better for seeing the light.

However, he is made to see it; the internal crusade, the hunt for well-protected war criminals, is not wholly foiled. The struggle grows upon one, almost against one's will; if it were only half as long, it would be still better.

"The Factory," by Vera Panova (Putnam; 9s. 6d.), is what you would expect, only perhaps warmer than you would expect. At Kruzilikha they are making munitions. And, of course, fervently: output, Stalin and the Soviet rule are their supreme ends. But within this dedicated frame there is a good deal more space, more personality and play of feeling, than one might be apt to think *a priori*. There is even an extremely cautious, restrained enjoyment of individualism. For instance, Martianov is an ex-Kulak, smelling of his past, while the driver Mirzoev is not unlike a jolly kind of "wide boy." They have to be converted, but the author liked them just as they were. Officials wrangle with each other, make a mess of their lives, harry their subordinates—and all within the official frame. And they are always liable to outbursts of the Russian heart. Indeed, *plus ça change*.

"Murder Included," by Joanna Cannan (Gollancz; 8/6.), is that rarest of events, a thriller which succeeds in being a distinguished novel. Bunny, half-French and half-Bohemian, the widow of a French poet, has married Sir Charles d'Estray for her daughter's sake, and is rueing the day. She admires the d'Estrays' way of life, but she can't fit into it; the d'Estrays don't admire hers at all. But she has saved Aston Park, by throwing it open as a guest-house for hunting people; whereas the family would just have sold it, with broken hearts. And they might all have rubbed along, if old Miss Hudson had not been poisoned. To the Inspector (lower middle-class and Left Wing) Bunny is a natural suspect. So she is to Charles, and she finds him out.

We were getting on so nicely without the problem that I wondered how it would be reached, and whether it was not a mistake. But no, it is a very good crime, with the conventional excitement but a realistic basis of nastiness. Still, it is the comedy of manners that counts for most.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

GIJON is an unpretentious but delightful seaside resort in Northern Spain where, mainly through the endeavours of those enthusiasts, Don Pedro del Rio and Don Felix Heras, an international tournament has been held every year since 1944.

Last July, when for the first time in three years I found myself unable to participate, memories kept returning of my preceding visits; my 250-mile car trip in 1948 along the precipitous north coast of Spain, with its ravines and hair-pin bends, the sea rarely out of sight for more than a few minutes, now alongside, now 1000 ft. below; my visit to the Altamira caves to see the wonderful pictures of bison done 30,000 years ago (even before chess!); the awe-inspiring church of Covadonga, looming sheer atop a precipice... and yet, not less than these, the charming courtesy of the people and their simple, real friendship.

In 1808, when Napoleon had Europe at his feet, when Germany and Austria and Italy were grovelling and England was, not for the first or last time, feeling rather relieved about the Channel, the little province of the Asturias, "with sublime audacity," declared war on him and started a Europe-wide upheaval which was ultimately to bring about his downfall.

In the same spirit, the Asturias of Gijon to-day, denied any first-class chess practice apart from this one annual event, turn out year by year to do battle with the masters they invite; and excellently they acquit themselves.

Here, for instance, is the game played by a local youth of about seventeen against me in his first tournament, in 1946:

KING'S GAMBIT (VIA BIRD'S OPENING!).

White	Black	White	Black
MORAN	WOOD	MORAN	WOOD
1. P-KB4	P-K4	5. Q-K2	P-KKt3
2. P-K4	P×P	6. P-Q4	B-Kt2?
3. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	7. P-KKt4!	Castles
4. P-K5	Kt-R4		

For if 7... P×P *en passant*, 8. B-KKt5 wins the queen! I was now in a desperate situation.

8. P×Kt	P-KKt4	12. B-R3	R-K1
9. R-Kt1	P-KR3	13. B-Q2	Kt-B3
10. P-KR4	P-KB3	14. Kt-B3	Kt×QP
11. RP×P(?)	BP×P		

A "back-to-the-wall" effort. If now 15. Kt×Kt, R×P.

15. Q-B4ch	P-Q4	17. Castles	P-B3
16. Q×Kt	B×B	18. B×P!	P×B
		19. R×Bch	

Too impetuous. 19. Q×BP or 19. Kt-K4 would have set me nastier problems.

19.	K×R	23. Q-B6ch	K-R2
20. R-Ktch	K-R2	24. Q-Kt6ch	K-R1
21. Q-Q3ch	K-R1	25. Q-B6ch—drawn by	
22. Q-Kt6	R-K2	perpetual check.	

This time, the visitors were Rossolimo (France), O'Kelly (Belgium) and Prins (Holland), who, though they took the first three prizes, had no easy run. The decisive game was probably the following, in which Rossolimo made clever use of Prins' inaccuracies. 8... Kt×Kt brought the white queen to too dominating a square. And do you see why 13. B×Kt smashed up Black's king's side?—because 13... B×B in reply would have lost the queen after 14. B×Pch!

GIUOCO PIANO.

White.	Black	White	Black
ROSSOLIMO	PRINS	ROSSOLIMO	PRINS
1. P-K4	P-K4	12. R×P	Q-Kt5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	13. B×Kt!	P×B
3. B-B4	Kt-B3	14. R-R5	P-Kt4
4. P-Q4	P×P	15. Q-Q3	P-KB4
5. Castles	P-Q3	16. Q-Kt3ch	K-R1
6. Kt×P	B-K2	17. Q-R3	B-B3
7. Kt-QB3	Castles	18. B-Kt3	P-QR4
8. R-K1	Kt×Kt	19. R×RPch	K-Kt1
9. Q×Kt	P-QB3	20. Q-R5	B-KKt2
10. B-KKt5	Q-R4	21. Q-Kt6	Q-Q5
11. P-K5	P×P	22. R-R5	Resigns

This vital strategic area has been handled since the war with almost unexampled political and diplomatic incompetence—seldom the fault of the men on the spot, as Mr. Bilainkin shows, but due to divided counsels or sheer ineptitude in Whitehall and Westminster. It is seldom given to an Administration to alienate all our friends without creating a single counter-balancing ally out of a previous enemy. Mr. Bilainkin's lively, highly personal travelogue will do good service by bringing home this remarkable, if unhappy, fact.

A pure travel book (and a very unusual one) may come as a welcome relief to the disturbing implications of the others I have mentioned. It is "Wanderers in Australia," edited by Colin Roderick (Angus and Robertson; 15s.). It is a highly interesting anthology—claimed to be the first of its kind—of what travellers have said about Australia, and includes a most unexpected contribution from Anthony Trollope. E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BLACK, BROWN OR YELLOW—A CROP OF PROBLEMS.

THE first four of the books reviewed below betray, each in their various ways, a deep sense of disquiet with our position in the world to-day, and particularly in our relations with the colonial or economically backward peoples. Miss Rosita Forbes, in "Islands in the Sun" (Evans; 12s. 6d.), speaks of the West Indies, of which she writes so alluringly, as "a crucible wherein spiritual and racial precipitates are being tested. As outposts of struggling European democracy, or last strongholds—on the edge of the Atlantic—of American as well as British imperialism which means security, they are more important than is warranted by their size or production. They are also, inevitably, the forum where colour purposes and policies, as well as prejudices, are debated." She carries us on an enchanting journey from the Bahamas—760 miles of them—to Trinidad, observing shrewdly, describing admirably. At first sight this book is just a well-written travel book capable of creating the most rebellious thoughts in British Islanders as they contemplate, in the midst of an English winter, the enchantments of these beautiful territories, lying bathed in sunshine, a couple of days' flying at most to their south-west. But it is much more than that. The authoress is aware of the immense economic problems of the islands—the islands which have no unity of culture or thought, no common link except the colour of the skin of the vast majority of the population. The selfishness of the very rich (Americans or British) of Nassau or Montego Bay, by driving up prices, is also driving away the American tourist with the moderate purse who could otherwise be induced to spend a large part of the 1500 million dollars (which the United States Government believe will be spent on travel in 1950) in the islands, which (by air) are almost on their doorstep. By neglecting, too, the resources of the less-developed islands they are contributing to the rising discontent of the coloured population—which looks now to the Labour movement in Jamaica for a lead—and "within existing labour movements there are Communist cells, active and efficient." Miss Forbes recognises that "the West Indies" is a meaningless term, and her solution, apart from vigorous efforts to improve the economic status of the negro, is Federation. A thought-stimulating book, but well worth reading for its writing and its qualities as a traveller's guide alone.

From another famous author and traveller you can always be sure of something first-class in the way of a travel book. Mr. Negley Farson's "Last Chance in Africa" (Gollancz; 15s.) is, like Miss Rosita Forbes', a travel book "plus." It makes vivid, exciting, sometimes horrific reading. But underneath the description of the shifting scenes to which Mr. Farson introduces us is a deep knowledge and an almost missionary desire to impart it. Mr. Farson was revisiting Kenya and Tanganyika for the first time in ten years—and he was greatly disturbed by what he saw. He has always felt that we should leave the African alone and not attempt to make him, as one missionary put it, "a Black Englishman." He is more than ever convinced by this latest trip. He believes that most of our troubles are the result of the fact that the early teaching of the African was in the hands of missionaries. "It places too much importance on the part that religion plays in the white man's life. It has given him the wrong idea of us. The susceptible African soon sees that we do not follow the teachings of the God we are trying to get him to believe in. Sensibly enough, he does not doubt that God; he doubts us... as a result the African, whom we have cut adrift, now seems to have lost his faith in everything. I might put it this way; the African has lost his faith in the white man's interpretation of God; he has lost his faith in the white man; he has even lost his faith in life; but he still wants to find his way to God." One might perhaps add that on this basis there is not so much difference between white and black after all!

If Mr. Farson and Miss Forbes have written books in which serious messages and questionings underlie some grand descriptive (and even funny) stuff, Mr. A. D. C. Peterson, in "The Far East: A Social Geography" (Duckworth; 21s.), is wholly serious. He takes us from India and Pakistan to Japan and Far Eastern Russia, examining each country in turn in the light of the effect of its history and economics, on its social present and political future. It is all of absorbing interest. Mr. Peterson drops his austere objectivity in his last chapter, in which he says: "What the peoples of the Far East require are food, order, justice and peace. Unless the food is produced, tens of thousands will starve, but unless order is maintained, the food will neither be produced nor distributed. Order is threatened by two forces—conscious destruction and the revolt against injustice. Therefore, if the forces of order are to conquer those of destruction, they must also remedy injustice."

This is a book which the Allied diplomats, politicians and soldiers, now anxiously studying means of checking Communism in the Middle and Far East, would do well to read. And I recommend it particularly to that indefatigable agricultural propagandist Mr. Harry Ferguson, the tractor king. He will find whole chapters right up his street.

Less serious and far more journalistic is Mr. George Bilainkin's "Cairo to Riyadh Diary" (Williams and Norgate; 10s. 6d.). But even though Mr. Bilainkin shows at times a naïveté which is unexpected in so experienced and well-informed a diplomatic correspondent, he too shows his alarm and anxiety over the Middle East.

ARCHÆOLOGY, ARCHITECTURE, ATHLETICS: NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



(ABOVE.) IN LONDON AND TO LECTURE ON THE RECENT FIND OF BIBLICAL SCROLLS: DR. E. L. SUKENIK, PROFESSOR OF PALESTINIAN ARCHÆOLOGY AT THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM.

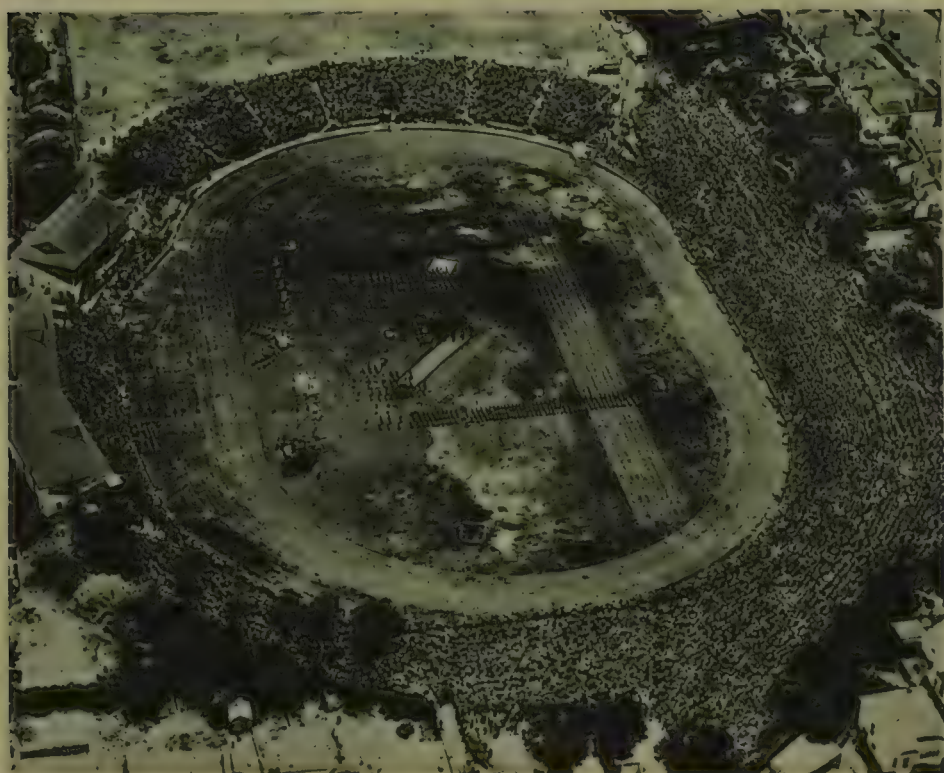
Dr. Sukenik, who is seen in our photograph holding a page of Isaiah thought to be over 2000 years old, is now in London as a guest of the Friends of the Hebrew University, and is to lecture on the discovery in 1947 of Biblical scrolls in the region of the Dead Sea. He was among the first to see the scrolls after their discovery. He has stated that some of the scrolls are to be exhibited in the British Museum, while others now in possession of the Hebrew University would remain in Jerusalem and be available to the study of scholars.

(RIGHT.) AN ADDITION TO NEW YORK'S SKY-LINE: THE NEW U.N. SECRETARIAT BUILDING (RIGHT) AS SEEN FROM ACROSS THE EAST RIVER.

The permanent headquarters of the United Nations is nearing completion and the rapidly-rising Secretariat building has become a new feature of the New York skyline. Our photograph was taken from Long Island, on the opposite side of the East River, and shows the flat face of the new structure (right) and the Empire State Building on the left. Immediately to the left of the U.N. building is the Chrysler Tower.



THOUGHT TO BE OVER 2000 YEARS OLD: A PAGE OF ISAIAH DISCOVERED IN 1947 AND NOW IN LONDON, WHERE IT MAY BE EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



(LEFT.) THE OPENING OF THE BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL EMPIRE GAMES: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE STADIUM AT AUCKLAND, N.Z., WITH THE CONTESTANTS PARADED BEFORE THE ROSTRUM (LEFT).

The fourth Empire Games were opened at Auckland, New Zealand, on February 4 by Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., the Governor-General, before a capacity crowd of 40,000 people; and closed at 11 p.m. on February 11 by Mr. A. Porritt, the chairman of the Empire Games Federation. Australia won 80 medals and 34 firsts, New Zealand 52 medals and 10 firsts, and England 48 medals and 19 firsts. The most remarkable feats were the sprint doubles of Miss Jackson (Australia); and J. Treloar, also of Australia.



AN ALL-AUSTRALIAN FINAL IN THE WOMEN'S 100 YARDS: (L. TO R.) MISS V. JOHNSTON (3), MISS M. JACKSON (1), MISS S. STRICKLAND (2). MISS JACKSON ALSO WON THE 200 YARDS, CREATING NEW RECORDS FOR THE GAMES.



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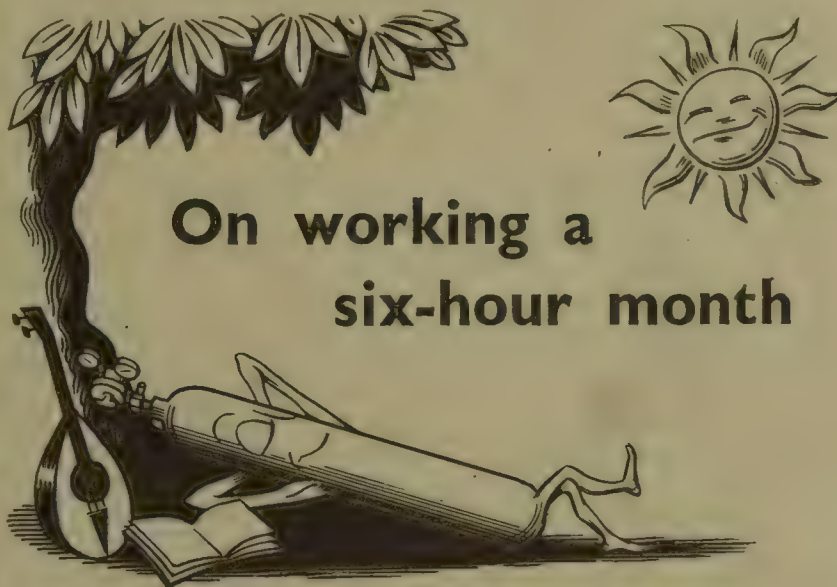
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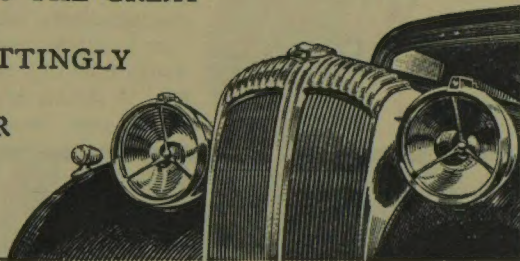
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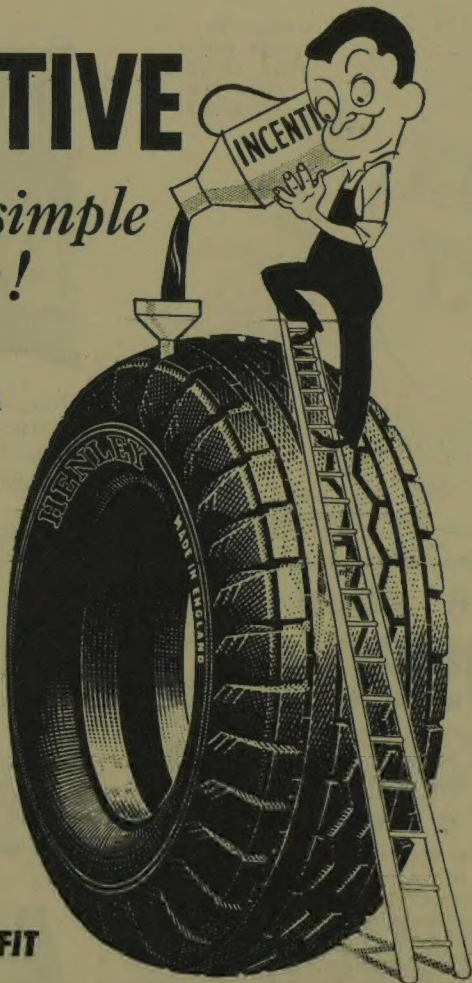
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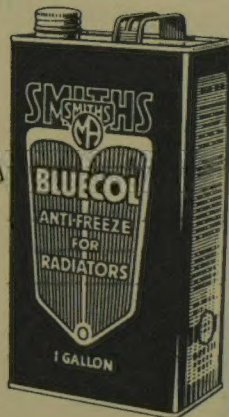
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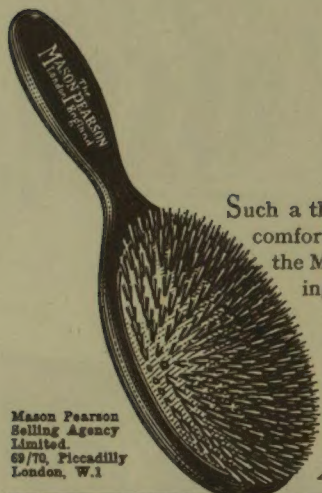


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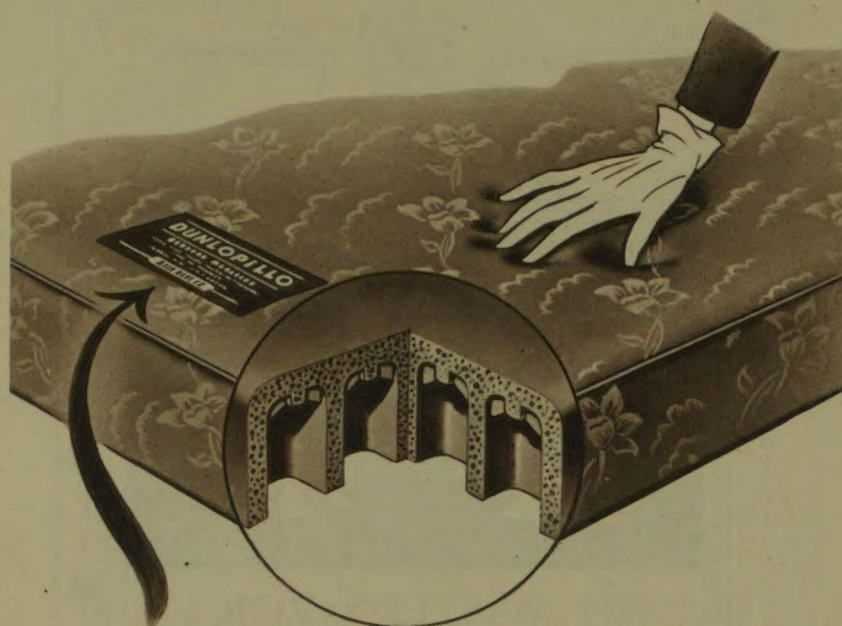
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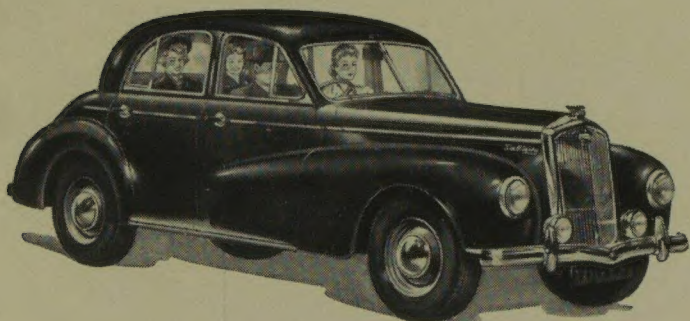
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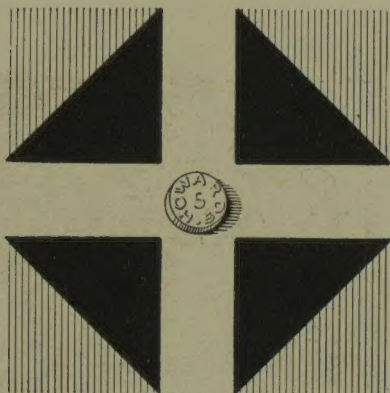
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